THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 36. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.---SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

JAMES REYNOLDS DEAD.

He Lived in New Haven, Conn., and Died in Humble Circumstances Because Patriotic Spirit Led Him to Sacrifice His Fortune in Rescuing Irish Political Prisoners from British Penal Settlements.

How He Won the Title of "Catalpa Jim," and How Gallant Capt. Hathaway, the Yankee Skipper, Bluffed the Englishman and Saved the Exiles from Re-Capture.

(From the Times-Herald.)

The death of James Reynolds in New Haven, Conn., last week recalls one of the most interesting characters in the old Fenian Brotherhood, and brings vividly to mind an expedition in which he was the ruling spirit, and which, at the time, set the world by the ears. It was this exploit that gave Mr. Reynolds the nickname of "Catalpa Jim."

At the time of the imprisonment of the Irish patriots in a British penal station in Australia, Reynolds' conceived a plan for their rescue, and he and others at once became moving spirits in the expedition which became famous from end to end of Christendom. It was Reynolds' idea to fit out a whaling vessel, clear her for her cruise and leave American shores with no other apparent object in view. They purchased and equipped the whaler Catalpa, placing in command Captain Hathaway, and sailing from America late in the year 1874. Previous to sailing there arose a difficulty regarding money matters, there being a deficiency of several thousand dollars, which, if not forthcoming at once, would have resulted in the failure of the whole scheme. James Reynolds was a poor man, but without the least hesitation he mortgaged his little home and everything he owned on earth, paid the sum required, and saw his vessel glide from the harbor, bound upon its mission of mercy.

To those who saw the Catalpa as she spread her sails to the breeze that raw afternoon there appeared nothing unusual about her—she was simply one of scores of similar craft that have gone forth upon the Atlantic on like errands—but to the trusted crew her meaning was deep. Her whaling voyage would take her far into the South Pacific, and when off the coast of Australia she was destined to co-operate with a land force under command of Capt. John J. Breslin, who was, in fact, general-in-chief of the entire expedition, but whose principal duty it was to secure the Irish prisoners, convey them to the coast, and give them in charge of the captain of the Catalpa.

The whaler had been busy in actual whaling, and laid in her hold a large amount of oil and bone. She would have paid for herself had there been nothing more pretentious in her itinerary than the accumulation of blubber and bone. But when she neared the shores of the antipodean continent her captain and crew were over on the alert for the successful consummation of their mission.

For weeks and months she cruised in the cold waters of the Southern Pacific, attending strictly to her own business, until one day she picked up the escaped John Boyle O'Reilly, who told his story of hardship and suffering; how he was hunted through the bush for weeks, torn, bruised and bleeding from a score of wounds; starving and weak, yet ever bearing up with indomitable courage. His appearance was a great surprise to Captain Hathaway, for he was to have been one of seven prisoners delivered over to him by Captain Breslin. O'Reilly had had no intimation of the plan on foot for his rescue, and had made his escape from the guard several weeks before. A price was set upon his head by the British government for his capture, dead or alive, but the stars and stripes floated above him, and he was beyond the reach of England's power.

It was some weeks after the rescue of O'Reilly that Captain Hathaway again approached the west coast at a point near Freemantle, where he had been instructed to meet the land forces under Breslin. In order to avoid complications and respect international law, he did not approach the coast nearer than the recognized three-mile limit, but at this distance coasted back and forth for several days, when one afternoon he saw the preconcerted signal from the shore, and upon his replying, two small boats put out and pushed rapidly toward the Catalpa.

No sooner had they begun their journey through the rolling seas than an English gunboat hove in sight from around a point, and made direct for them. There was a pretty race for the whaler, but the distance of the man-of-war gave every advantage to the oarsmen, and the majesty of England was several miles away when six freed exiles were landed on board the American ship and their deliverers put rapidly back to shore. There was no danger of their being overtaken. The Englishman was after the escaped prisoners, and in a few minutes had brought signals to bear, demanding that the American ship stop. Captain Hathaway took in sail and inquired what they wished.

"Stop! Give up those prisoners!" came the voice through the trumpet.

"We have no prisoners!" called back Hathaway.

"You took six prisoners from the two small boats; England demands them without parley," was the reply.

"I say we have no prisoners," cried Hathaway, and turning to his officers, he gave the command to hoist all sail; "we are an American whaler on the high seas, and recognize no authority, English or other."

The English captain was clearly angry: his fighting blood was up; he felt that not alone he but the English nation as well had been insulted by this upstart Yankee skipper.

"Stop! or I'll sink you," he cried, as the Catalpa responded to the breeze upon her bellying sails.

His answer came in the shape of the American flag rushing to the masthead and the defiant voice of Hathaway calling: "Fire upon that flag if you dare!"

From the silence of the English guns that had been directed toward the American it was evident that he had taken into consideration the old adage that "discretion is the better part of valor," and the two ships rapidly parted company, the one going south, while the other bore toward the north on her long journey to the shores of freedom.

Captain Breslin, who commanded the expedition, was the same man who had rescued James Stevens from Dublin prison in November, 1865. Late in 1876 the Catalpa once more touched American shores and landed the exiles in New York.

The success of the trip increased Reynolds' popularity with Irishmen. His name is never mentioned by those who were favored with his friendship but with quivering lip and tremulous voice, and this story of his exploit is known to every Irishman.

"THE WALLS OF LIMERICK."

[To the Editor.]

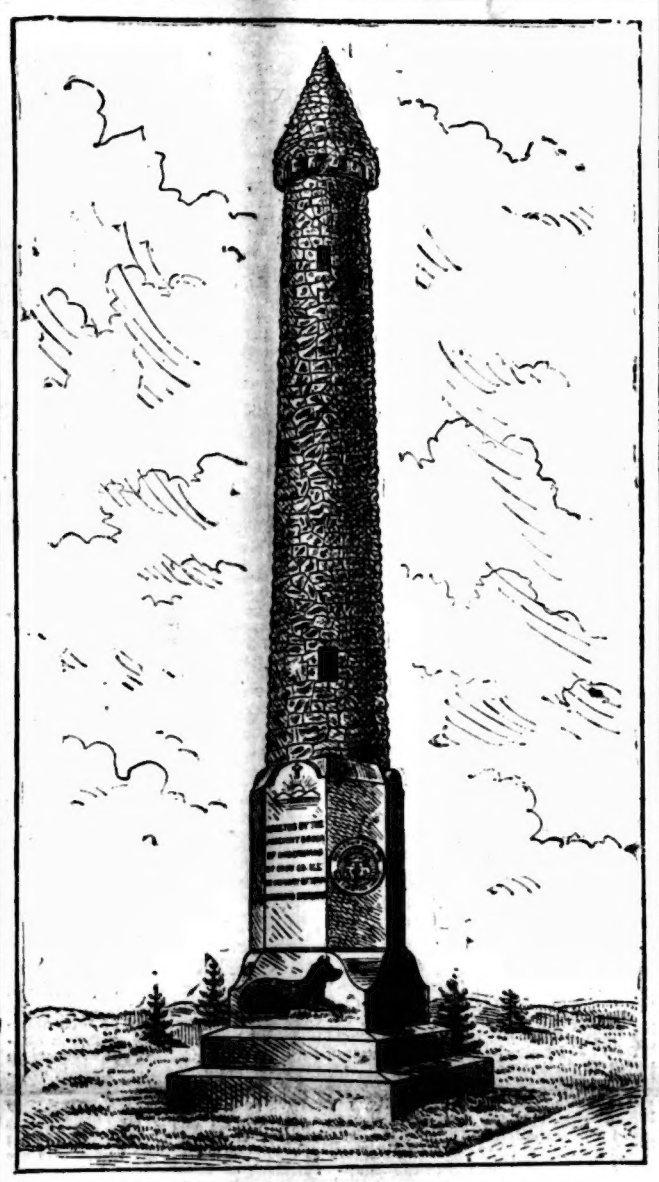
LIMERICK CITY, August 4, 1897.—With your kind permission I would like to occupy a small space in THE CITIZEN to call attention, in a quiet way, to the desecration and almost complete destruction of what should be one of the most cherished and sacred memorials of our people in the old land. Before doing so, however, I would like to state that, after forty years of exile under the hallowed shadow of "Old Glory," I have returned to my native land, to the haunts and scenes of my childhood, to lay down once more under the shade of the grand old sycamore, to ramble through the—now moss-grown—lanes; to listen once more to the matchless music of the skylark, and to the well-remembered song of the friendly robin redbreast. All these things seem to be precisely the same as I left them some forty years ago. But all beside is changed. The friends of my youth have completely disappeared. The loving father and mother whom I left so many years ago have long since been called to their reward, and very few are left to extend the hand of friendship or give me kindly greeting. I am like a stranger in a strange land, and as I wander around through the well-known paths and shaded nooks, where I played in childhood, people stop and wonder who the gray haired stranger can be, who is taking such an unusual interest in the deserted and grass-grown old ruins. And so I have taken a last look and given a last farewell to the dear old place where the happiest days of my life were spent. Being in Ireland, I determined to visit a few, at least, of the many historic objects to be found everywhere in this land, and, among the many things that have always commanded my admiration, the historic "Walls of Limerick" held the first place. But judge of my surprise and disappointment when I found that there was scarcely a fragment remaining, and even the people born and brought up under their very shadow know nothing of its grand history. How the patriotic people of Limerick could permit such a grand monument of the heroic past to be almost utterly destroyed, under their very eyes, seems passing strange.

It is a burning shame that these grand old walls, associated as they are with one of the brightest pages in our sad history, should be allowed to be almost completely obliterated without even protest or remonstrance.

In writing this letter I have no ambition to see my name in print, but I have a sincere desire that the attention of the patriotic Limerick men of Chicago—and their name is legion—should be called to the condition of these historic "Walls of Limerick," to the end that what is still left of them may be preserved and their heroic story be taught the rising generation, so that the boys and girls of brave old Limerick could point with pride to this sacred monument, which commemorates the heroism of their gallant fathers and the matchless valor and devotion of their glorious mothers—the women of Limerick who stood shoulder to shoulder in the "deadly breach" and hurled back the hated Sassenach from those very walls.

By all means this proud monument should be sacredly preserved and handed down to future generations and its glorious history impressed upon the minds of the youth of Ireland, and particularly upon the youth of Limerick, even as the American youth is taught to point with pride to Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill. If this were done—and it ought to be done, and done at once—then would these grand old walls be held as a sacred heritage and preserved till the last stroke of time.

D. CLIFFORD.



A. O. H. MONUMENT AT MOUNT OLIVET CEMETERY.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS OF COOK COUNTY:

DEAR BROTHERS: As announced previously in THE CHICAGO CITIZEN, arrangements for transportation to Mount Olivet Cemetery to attend the dedicatory ceremonies connected with the unveiling of the monument Sunday, Sept. 5, have been made with the Grand Trunk Railroad. Trains will leave depot at Polk and Dearborn streets at 12:30 p. m. and 1:30 p. m., returning at 4:30 p. m. and 5:30 p. m. Our esteemed friend, Rev. Father M. O'Sullivan, of Lemont, will unveil the monument and preside over the exercises. Addresses will be delivered by the Hon. John F. Finerty and Rev. Father Reynolds. The Clan-Na-Gael Guards will turn out six companies, and with the Hibernian Knights add much to the military features of the occasion. All Brothers will wear the regalia, and as many divisions as possible carry their colors. In fact let everything be done to add to the impressiveness of the occasion.

Twenty-five-cent round trip tickets will be for sale at the following stations: Polk street depot, Twenty-second street and Archer avenue, Thirty-first street and Stewart avenue, Thirty-ninth street and Stewart avenue, Forty-seventh street and Stewart avenue, Forty-ninth street and Halsted streets, Forty-ninth street and Ashland avenue, Forty-ninth street and Oakley avenue. It is expected that every Brother will avail himself of the Grand Trunk route as the little profit derived from the sale of tickets will be needed to defray the expenses of the occasion. It is hoped that our Brothers will induce all their friends, irrespective of sex or age, to be present at an event which will be the first milestone to mark our progress on the road of practical effort in Cook County Hibernianism. Asking your best endeavors, we have the honor to remain, yours respectfully, M. E. Lynch, F. J. Conroy, J. J. Lamb, J. J. Perkins, J. T. Keating, Committee on Monument.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Sarsfield Council.

The regular monthly meeting of this council was held Thursday night, Aug. 26, in Congress hall, Honore and Congress streets, with the president, M. W. Gleason, in the chair. There was a large attendance of members and their friends and ladies, and a fine literary and musical programme was rendered. The first number on the programme was an address by Mr. T. H. Clifford, who spoke on the necessity of such an organization as the Irish National Alliance and the tendency it had toward the blending of our people in closer union and the general elevation of our race. The next was a song by Mr. J. J. Phelan. He sang, in his best vein, "Pull Boys Together," and for an encore he gave the "Minstrel Boy." The next was a clarionet solo, by Mr. Thomas Kennedy, which was wildly applauded. Mr. John T. Keating followed in a splendid address, which was listened to with wrapt attention; and when the eloquent speaker related a pathetic story of an Irish eviction, there was not an eye but felt the hot tears of sympathy and vengeance—sympathy for the oppressed and vengeance on the head of the oppressor. His speech was a masterpiece of eloquence and one of profound historical interest. But one has to hear Mr. Keating to catch the real charm of his address and to appreciate the rich Celtic flow of his oratory. The next number was a song by Wm. Barron, who rendered, in his rich, soft voice, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and for an encore, "My Irish Maid." Thomas E. Burke recited, in his own inimitable way, "Who fears to own his Irish name." Of course he was encored, and as a change from the purely Irish he gave a beautiful poem of Eugene Field's, "Me and Jim," and the audience were still reluctant to let him go after he had responded to three encores. P. H. Quaid followed and gave "Barbara Fritchie" with much force and elicited great applause. After which the entire audience arose and sang the national anthem, "God Save Ireland."

The next meeting will be held on the last Thursday of September, and to it all are invited.

P. T. MCGOVERN.

OBITUARY.

JOHN U. MORGAN.

On Aug. 25, John U. Morgan, husband of Mary Morgan (nee Sanders), daughter of ex-Alderman Sanders, died at the home of his father-in-law, 3213 Wabash avenue.

For over two years past the deceased had been troubled with an affliction of the brain and which was pronounced by the best medical skill certain in the end to close his earthly career. When death came it was not wholly unlooked for. The deceased was 42 years of age at the time of his death. He had lived in this city the greater part of his life. The funeral took place from his late residence to St. James Catholic church, where requiem mass was solemnized. Rev. Father Strawbridge as celebrant, Father Gilday, deacon, and Father Quinn, sub-deacon. Rev. Father Powers came all the way from Peru, Ill., to be present at the funeral obsequies. The church was crowded with prominent ladies and gentlemen, and the solemn services were deeply impressive, the regular church choir rendering additional solemnity with sweet strains of sombre music. Rev. Father Dennison ascended the pulpit and delivered a touching sermon.

After the service the funeral cortege reformed, and consisted of nearly one hundred carriages, and the remains were conveyed to Calvary cemetery, where the last burial rites were conferred by Rev. Father Powers. The display of flowers was large and appropriate.

The pall-bearers were Capt. William Buckley, Daniel Burke, ex-Ald. Mahoney, John Morgan, Thomas Devinney, James Brennan and J. Meyers.

THE WARS OF THE REDS.

Mr. Finerty's New Popular Edition of "Warpath and Bivouac" Reviewed by the Chicago Observer in a Masterly Manner.

A Historic Book That Future Generations of Americans, as Well as the Present, Will Read With Thrilling Interest.

I have not read in many a day or night a more intensely interesting book than John F. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," which the author has recently revised, and which has been re-issued in a popular form. The present volume of 460 pages is accompanied by a comprehensive map showing the routes and campaigns covered by Gens. Crook, Terry, Custer, Miles and Merritt in 1876 and 1879, over the mountains and plains of the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana. The book is printed from good clear type on excellent paper, is handsomely bound, and is embellished with splendid half-tone portraits of the commanders, officers, scouts and Indian warriors who figured in the notable contest for race supremacy in the northwest. Mr. Finerty has given us a graphic and a truthful account of his experiences while accompanying Crook and some of the other commanders as war correspondent of the Chicago Times, and his vigorous, healthful style, his superb command of the English language, and his recognized ability as a descriptive writer combine to make the volume not only an invaluable contribution to history, but an absorbing tale of adventure by flood and field, such as generations of young Americans yet to come will take delight in reading.

It is not the least of Mr. Finerty's graces as a writer that he deals charitably and generously with those with whom he came into contact during a period and a succession of sore experiences well calculated to try the patience, fortitude, courage and endurance of war-worn veterans. Perhaps in the annals of American history there cannot be found a chapter at once so full of glory and misery as that which chronicles the conquest of the Sioux. The average American citizen knows little, or, knowing, can realive but little of the terrible privations and horrible sufferings of those who took part as commanders, officers or newspaper correspondents in the campaigns waged by Crook, Terry, Custer, Miles and Merritt. Mr. Finerty has not attempted to give his readers a technical account of the campaign, a part of which he was and most of which he saw; he has given us purely and simply a pen picture, or rather a series of pen pictures, of incidents which appealed to him as a newspaper writer schooled in the art of collecting, classifying and giving proper weight to facts. His story runs along in an easy narrative from the hour the late Wilbur F. Storey commissioned him to perform the perilous task until he returns to civilization, footsore, famished and dirty, after months of such hardship and deprivation as it is difficult for you or me to imagine, and impossible to describe in this brief notice of his work.

Old timers, here and elsewhere, who read this book, will be interested and charmed by the frequent appearance of familiar names in connection with deeds of striking valor. For instance, very early in the volume we meet with "Tommy" MacMillan, now alas! "Tommy" no more. Mr. MacMillan was then war correspondent for the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and, even though he has since attained the rank and glory of a state senator, and even though he now holds a comfortable federal office, his old friends and his new, will be glad to learn, on Mr. Finerty's cheerfully rendered testimony, that his conduct during the battle of the Rosebud was that of a self-collected and courageous man. Here also we find Col. William F. Cody, otherwise "Buffalo Bill," and Captain Jack Crawford, skillful and fearless scouts, performing all sorts of daredevil feats, utterly regardless of consequences to themselves. "Buffalo Bill" has long since left the mountains and plains for the more peaceful and profitable life of a showman, and Capt. Jack Crawford finds a ready market for his poetry and fiction in this and other lands. Again, there is "Phocion" Howard, now dead, who represented the Chicago Tribune, Charles Diehl, who represented the Chicago Times in Terry's command and James J. O'Kelly, the brilliant correspondent of the New York Herald, who has since distinguished himself as an Irish Nationalist and as a member of the British parliament.

Mr. Finerty does not fail to talk freely and frankly of the governmental blunders which marked and marred the campaigns for the subjection of the Apaches and Sioux, nor does he hesitate at times to criticise the mistakes made by the commanding officers. His criticism was considered fair by Crook at the time, and later events have demonstrated that it was just. But while there were blunders and mistakes here and there, and while life might have been spared had there been a more intelligent understanding of the situation, at Washington, Mr. Finerty does not fail to pay a fitting tribute to the courage, fidelity, patriotism and all around manliness of the soldiers who carried the responsibility of these campaigns upon their shoulders. The tribute he pays to Crook, to Terry, to Custer, to Miles, to Merritt, and to the gallant officers who served under these commanders, is one that could not have been born of anything less than heartfelt conviction. He feels, as he makes those who read his book feel, that such heroic devotion to duty has not been and probably never will be appreciated by the people of the country, and that the men who opened up the great northwest to the miner, the rancher and the farmer, and who were practically the pioneers who blazed the way for an empire, the coming splendor of which is even now little dreamt of, deserve more gratitude from this nation than they are ever likely to receive.

THE SCHILLER THEATER STOCK COMPANY.

Again Chicago has a theatrical company. Chicago has not had a theatrical company since the disbandment of McVicker's stock company in 1866. The reader may indignantly resent this assertion, yet, 'tis true. Great as has been the advancement of Chicago in a material sense, she was, during the World's Fair, long before and since, without a theatrical company.

The companies filling our theaters have been traveling organizations, whose actors and managers had neither home interest nor pride in Chicago, and came here merely to catch the dimes and dollars of the people. They have given us many splendid performances and some direfully distressing exhibitions. But no matter how great the performance, how superb the individual artistic effort, the people of our city could not claim them as their own, nor did the performance, however great, reflect any local credit upon Chicago. Daly's and Palmer's companies represented New York, Irving's and Willard's London, and the rest anywhere outside of Chicago.

But now Chicago has a stock company, and one in which it can take just pride. Last Monday night the Schiller Theater Stock Company made its debut in a new play, "Fort Frayne," and was greeted by a large and friendly audience. The appearance of the principal actors was marked by applause, and as the play progressed it appeared how well-deserving the actors were of the reception accorded them. Space will not permit a detailed account of the play, suffice it for the present to say that it was, with a few drawbacks, a pronounced success.

At the end of the third act Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., author of the story from which the play is dramatized, and one of the three constructors of the play (Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Emma Sheridan Frye being the co-authors), was enthusiastically called to the stage. Capt. King made a very happy and effective speech, which added to the good will the audience already had toward himself and the play.

The play is interesting throughout, with scarcely a moment of dulness in action or speech. The close of the third act is quite as effective as any scene ever produced upon a Chicago stage. Fortunately, the closing words were in the hands of the sterling actress, Kate Denin-Wilson. There was a "call" for the entire company at the close of the act, and then Capt. King was clamorously greeted.

The acting throughout was of high order. Mr. Drouet, the leading actor, is a handsome, manly-appearing gentleman and a thoroughly capable actor. Miss Elita Proctor Otis is a charming and natural actress, who produces the strongest effect without apparent effort. The ease and grace with which she acts are a joy to witness. Geo. R. Edeson, as the comedy old man, with a treacherous memory, took immediate possession of the affections of the audience. Mr. Edeson has no superior in his line of characters. Mr. George F. Nash gave a thoroughly smooth and artistic rendition of a typical New York broker. Mr. Nash is destined to become a fixed favorite with the Chicago public. Mr. Herbert Carr, who played Col. Fenton, enjoys the distinction of being one of the few actors on the American stage playing the soldier who maintains "a military bearing." Mr. Carr never for a moment forgot he was a soldier, and it must have been a pleasure to the soldiers in the audience to watch his movements and action. Mr. Percy Bomles, as the young soldier, looked the part to perfection. Mr. Benjamin Horning, as Royal Forrar, would have been very effective had he restrained himself in the first two acts and imparted some refinement to the impersonation. Terrence O'Rourke was in the hands of Geo. W. Leslie, who failed to catch the real Irish dialect and was hurried and indistinct. Aside from this he dressed, made up and acted the part with intelligence and good taste. Terrence should be made more of a comedy part by the authors. Minnie Radcliffe and Minnie Dupree, two charming young ladies and excellent comediennes, rode the top wave of popularity and doubtless will prove strong cards for the house. Miss Mattie Earle made a most charming and fascinating appearance as an old maid. The lady is a great comedienne, and knows that it is unnecessary to look ugly in order to be humorous. As a German in the audience expressed it: "Sie ist aus ga zeignet."

Mr. E. L. Webster, the manager, is to be congratulated upon the great success of the opening night.

Look for the Facts demonstrated by experience. Thousands and thousands of people suffering from the effects of impure blood have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

cms. 1 2 3 4 5
ins. 1 2
THE BRITISH LIBRARY

HUNTING A SOLUTION

Of the Problem Presented by the Condition of the Strike of the Mine Workers.

LABOR LEADERS MEET AT ST. LOUIS

But One Plan Presented, Ratchford's, and That Not Apparently Approved—Would Muzzle the Injunction—Talk at Cleveland and Pittsburg of an End to the Strike in Forty-eight Hours—Small Operators Moving—New Plan of Arbitration Proposed and Sent to Ratchford.

St. Louis, Aug. 31.—The conference of labor leaders which began yesterday morning had a busy day, and last night the end was in sight. What the conference has accomplished, if anything, is in doubt. It is not believed the leaders have attained any definite result, and in fact the president of one of the national organizations said last night that the failure of the conference was a foregone conclusion. "I should feel very much chagrined," said this gentleman, "if I had any part in the convening of this conference." The committee on resolutions and plan of action was at work all afternoon and evening, and last night Sovereign announced that it had formulated a plan, but declined to give any details. The platform, it is expected, will be submitted to the convention this morning. The fourteen different organizations represented in the convention make an unwieldly body, and it is evident that all of them cannot be satisfied with a platform formulated by five men representing as many branches of organized labor.

Ratchford's Plan Not Popular.

Ratchford's plan of petitioning President McKinley to convene congress in extra session to enact measures providing for the settlement of the present labor difficulties, or—as he put it—"to define the rights of citizens, if any," did not meet with the approval he had hoped for, and it is not believed the idea will be incorporated in the platform. He would have congress muzzle the injunction. While present in the convention all day Debs did not speak, nor did he put in an appearance at last night's mass-meeting, where he was widely advertised to make an address. He is represented on the resolutions committee, however, by Berger, and as he has remained pretty close to the gentlemen composing that committee it is safe to say his Social Democracy idea will be represented. It is thought adjournment will be reached some time today. Eighty-eight delegates are attending the convention, which William B. Prescott, of the International Typographical union, is chairman, and A. M. Pearces secretary.

Discussions in the Conference.

In making his speech in favor of asking an extra session of congress to put a curb on judges in the issuance of injunctions Ratchford was impassioned.

"In case of refusal," said Ratchford impressively, after an outburst of cheering had subsided, "it will then be time to consider more extreme measures. I am in favor if the president refuses to call congress together of a complete paralysis of business. I believe then in a sympathetic strike."

Pat O'Neill, of Rich Hill, Mo., who said he represented 1,500 unorganized "picks," favored a labor revolution. He was a socialist, he said, and believed in the miners taking things in their own hands if necessary. His fiery harangue pleased the audience greatly.

Two Opponents of Ratchford's Plan.

Sovereign put himself on record as opposed to Ratchford's plan. He believed this would be the last convention to be held under present conditions, and that the crucial test now confronted organized labor.

Mahon, of Detroit, said a resolutions committee was useless. The convention should vote on Ratchford's proposition and then go home. The power of the nation, he said, was in the courts, and if anybody was to be convened let it be the courts. He was opposed to Ratchford's proposition. Mahon, as did his predecessor, took a fling at Senator Hanna. Mahon said the president would have to get Hanna's consent to the convening of congress.

Carson Takes a Hopeless View.

James M. Carson, president of the Illinois miners, then recited at great length the conditions confronting the miners of his state, and said he believed his men would be beaten in two weeks.

Ratchford took exception to Carson's statement that the Illinois miners had lost their strike. He said the miners were winning their strike, and further, his men were not asking this convention for aid. They wanted this gathering to eradicate, if possible, the power of injunction. Taking a fling at Miner Pat Reilly, he said a man who advocated the use of Winchesters had no place in the convention. "Down our way," said Ratchford, "miners don't know how to handle guns."

PREDICTS AN EARLY SETTLEMENT.

Pittsburg Operator Says the Strike Will Be Temporarily Over Very Soon.

Cleveland, Aug. 31.—A prominent coal operator in the Pittsburg district said last night that the miners' strike would probably be settled—temporarily at least—within the next forty-eight hours. The operators have been quietly negotiating with the miners' officials since the adjournment of the Pittsburg conference, and a settlement is believed to be close at hand. The operators offered to pay the men 64 cents a ton pending arbitration, if the miners would consent to such an arrangement, with the distinct understanding that the arbitrators could not fix the price below 60 cents or above 69 cents. President Ratchford made a counter proposition for arbitration, stipulating that the men be paid 69 cents a ton, 5 cents of that price to be turned over to a trustee or trustees and to be held until the arbitration is completed and then pay it to the miners if the rate is fixed at 69 cents.

If the rate is fixed below that figure then a portion of the amount held by the trustees is to be given to the miners and the other rebated to the operators. A telegram was received here yesterday from President Ratchford with respect to the operators' proposition, but it was somewhat blind, and the operators were unable to tell whether he would accept the proposition or not. It is believed, however, that he will consent to arbitration, and it is expected that work at the mines will be resumed before the close of the week.

Pittsburg, Aug. 31.—The strike situation in this district may be said to be in a muddle. It is known that when President Dolan left for the St. Louis convention he was the bearer of an important proposition to be submitted to National President Ratchford, which asks the privilege of starting some of the mines. It has the sanction of the district officials, and only needs the consent of the higher officials. The smaller operators here will hold a meeting today to agree to make whatever promises the national officers of the miners require. These operators held a meeting last week, and it is said obtained twenty-nine signatures to an agreement to pay the rate demanded, and not to sell coal to the "big 13" combination which controls the lake trade.

If Ratchford gives his consent a number of mines will be started at once and in that event it is predicted the strike will soon be ended. One of the "big 13" said last night: "If the mines start under such an agreement in the Pittsburg district the jig is up, as all of the states involved are concerned. The hour that the men are given the privilege of working in the Pittsburg district desertions from the ranks of strikers in West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois will follow. If twenty-nine mines in the Pittsburg district should start they would not find a market for more than two cars of coal a day each." Secretary William Warner, of the miners, said last night that all of the small operators in the Pittsburg district with the exception of a few are willing to pay the rate demanded, and he is in favor of letting them start.

CLEW TO THE SHEPHERD MURDER.

Farm Laborer Saw a Team That May Have Carried the Assassins to Their Work.

Detroit, Aug. 31.—A special to The Free Press from Shepherd reports a new clue to the murderers of Cashier Elmer Struble, of the Farmers' bank. George Hall, a farm laborer four miles northwest of Shepherd, last night made a statement that at 3:15 o'clock on the morning of the murder he saw a double rig driven by on the way to Shepherd. It was then too dark for him to see the occupants, but two hours later he was startled by the return of the rig, driving full speed in the direction of Mount Pleasant.

Two men were on the front seat with their hats pulled far down over their eyes. Of these men Hall gives a moderately close description, and his account is corroborated by other farmers along the Mount Pleasant road. The time given by Hall as to the passage and return of the rig would have given opportunity for the murder to be committed, as the theory is that it occurred somewhere about 4:30 in the morning. The officers are working the clue closely and expect good results.

McPartland Draws with Everhardt.

New Orleans, Aug. 31.—Jack Everhardt and "Kid" McPartland fought at catch-weights before the St. Bernard Athetic club last night. The arena was not properly constructed to hold the immense crowd which attended, nor was the protection ample, for the mob got beyond control and there was danger of a collapse. Twenty rounds were fought. McPartland displayed the most science, drew blood early, kept pegging away with his left, punishing Everhardt and escaping any great damage. But he could not give Everhardt enough punishment to put him out. At the end of the twentieth the fight was declared a draw.

Scores on the Ball Field.

Chicago, Aug. 31.—League base ball scores: At Baltimore—Cincinnati 1, Baltimore 7; at Boston—Cleveland 2, Boston 6; at New York—Chicago 10, New York 5. In this game Anson wanted it called at the end of the eighth inning and upon the umpire refusing Anson called him a vile name and was fined $25 and put out of the game.

Western League: At Columbus—Kansas City 9, Columbus 13; at Indianapolis—Milwaukee 3, Indianapolis 5.

Western Association: At Rockford—Quincy 0, Rockford 9—forfeited, Quincy failing to arrive; at Dubuque—Des Moines 12, Dubuque 11.

Will Try Competition of Architects.

Washington, Aug. 31.—Secretary Gage has made the first experiment with the Tarsney law providing for the competition of architects in the design of public buildings by inviting seven architects to submit competitive designs and estimates for the Norfolk, Va., building, for which there is an appropriation of $190,000. Heretofore all the designs have been made by the government architect. After the Tarsney law was passed four years ago Secretary Carlisle decided that it was impracticable and declined to enact thfiyqpffffffjpffffjpffffjpffffjp ever, has resolved to give the law a trial.

Alleged Incendiarism by Strikers.

Bessemer, Mich., Aug. 31.—The dry house at the Palms mine was destroyed by fire yesterday. It is said that three of the strikers were seen running from the dry house just before the fire was discovered, and that there is no doubt of its incendiary origin, as there were no lamps or stoves in the building. Warrants will be issued for the arrest of the men that were seen leaving the building. The sheriff and deputies are in charge of the property, giving protection to the men that are now at work.

Can't Afford To Be a Senator.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 31.—The announcement of Senator John M. Thurston in the Republican state convention that at the end of his senatorial term he would not be a candidate for re-election is the political sensation of the hour in Nebraska. He stated plainly that he was financially unable to maintain a home both at Washington and in Nebraska and that political pursuits had not the same charm for him as the practice of his profession.

Roman Catholics and Vaccination.

Montreal, Que., Aug. 31.—The Roman Catholic board of school commissioners has refused to comply with the order of the provincial board of health to refuse entrance to their schools to children without vaccination certificates, and as a result the city will station officers at all the Roman Catholic schools to vaccinate the children.

Trouser Makers Go On a Strike.

Philadelphia, Aug. 31.—Twelve hundred trousers makers struck yesterday for shorter hours, better pay and the abolition of the sweat system.

THEY FIRED HARRITY.

Pennsylvania Democratic Committee Takes Radical Action with a Gold Man.

WAS NOT A ZEALOUS BRYAN MAN.

So His Seat in the National Democratic Committee Is Declared Vacant and Another Man Chosen in His Place—Will Be Heard of in the Convention Today—Citizens' Union of Gotham Declines to Combine Against Tammany.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 31.—By a vote of 53 to 26 the state Democratic committee last night adopted a resolution declaring vacant the seat of William F. Harrity, of Philadelphia, in the national Democratic committee. The committee met in the rooms of the Americus club by direction of the executive committee to consider the question of the vacancy

WILLIAM F. HARRITY.

in the national committee. The proceedings were exciting from start to finish, and at one stage a policeman was called upon by State Chairman Garman to eject Timothy O'Leary, of Pittsburg, for interrupting the speakers. O'Leary is not a member of the committee. State Chairman Garman presided except for a short time when he surrendered the chair to W. R. Brainton, of Lancaster, to speak upon the resolution. Immediately after the meeting was called to order John B. Keen, of West Moreland, offered a resolution "that a vacancy has been created and now exists in the membership of the national committee by reason of the voluntary withdrawal from politics and from participation in the deliberations of the committee of the late incumbent, William F. Harrity, and that Mr. Harrity, not being in accord with the principles of the Democratic party, James M. Guffey, of Pittsburg, who so loyally supported William J. Bryan, be and is hereby selected to fill the vacancy."

Will Come Up in Convention Today.

Magistrate Charles P. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, said the committee would make a mistake if it adopted this resolution on the eve of the great battle for governor. It was the duty of the organization, he said, to bring about a condition of affairs that meant aggressiveness and harmony in the party, and the Democracy could not go before the populace with the expectation of winning victories with a divided party organization. Donnelly denied the right of the state committee to create a vacancy in the national committee. Warm debate followed, and then Chairman Garman, at the request of Donnelly, read the correspondence between himself and Harrity. Garman followed with a long argument in favor of the resolution. More heated argument followed, one member suggesting the reference of the question to William J. Bryan. The vote then followed with the result stated. The action of the state committee will undoubtedly result in an exciting time at today's convention. The correspondence read by Garman was a letter from Harrity questioning the right of the state committee to create a vacancy and affirming his loyalty to the Democracy and a reply from Garman declaring that Harrity was not good enough Democrat to be in official position.

WILL STAND BY SETH LOW.

Independent Organization at New York Refuses to Combine Against Tammany.

New York, Aug. 31.—The executive committee of the Citizens' Union at a meeting held last night decided to stand alone with Seth Low and no other as its candidate for mayor of Greater New York. "Home rule" is what is desired, and state and national issues are to be shunned. All this was publicly set forth in a reply sent by Chairman James B. Reynolds, of the Union, to Lemuel E. Quigg, of the Republican county committee, to the invitation to the conference of anti-Tammany organizations. In his answer Reynolds says: "I am instructed by our executive committee to reply that loyalty to the principles of the Union, to the voters who have authorized us to express their preference for the first mayor of the Greater New York, and to the candidate whom they have chosen renders it impossible for the Union to accept the invitation.

"The Union having been organized for the express purpose of carrying into effect the principles embodied in the constitutional provision separating local from state and municipal elections, and of securing home rule for the citizens of New York, cannot combine with parties representing state and national issues in the nomination of candidates chosen because of their party affiliations, and necessarily under obligation to the party which they represent. The Union has appealed to all citizens, of whatever party, without surrender of their party allegiance, in the cause of good city government. In response to this appeal 127,429 voters of the city of New York have united in declaring the Hon. Seth Low their choice for mayor.

"The Union proposes to afford this body of voters an opportunity to exercise their statutory right to make nominations independent of party, in accordance with the election law and in fulfillment of their expressed wish, and it is our earnest hope that the high character and ability of Mr. Low and his fitness for the office will induce all friends of good government to support his candidacy."

Mayoralty of Greater New York.

New York, Aug. 31.—President Low has placed himself on record as willing to accept a nomination to the mayoralty of Greater New York only with the distinct understanding that if elected he should be entirely exempt from any political dictation by any political organization or so-called party leader, and this fact is regarded as an obstacle as to his acceptance by the Republicans.

FARMERS HAVE VIEWS ON STRIKES.

They Will Be Given During the Meeting of the National Congress.

St. Paul, Aug. 31.—The advance guard of the delegates and officers of the National Farmers' Congress arrived in numbers yesterday. Most of the officers registered at the Ryan hotel, which will be the official headquarters. One of the first to arrive was B. F. Clayton, of Indianola, Ia., president of the congress. At the present session, an important theme will be discussed, viz: Strikes and their relation to the farmer. It is believed the congress will pass resolutions asking the federal congress to enact measures which will result in a better system for the control of strikes and the protection of commerce during their reign.

President Clayton said: "I believe that strikes are often necessary, but I also believe they should be made a last resort. I am in favor of requesting the federal congress to direct the enforcement of the interstate commerce laws, which protect commerce at all times. I also want to see the federal congress pass laws which will control the gigantic trusts of the present time. We believe that trusts are an evil. I want to see trusts regulated and labor troubles settled by arbitration."

Says He Owns Skaguay.

San Francisco, Aug. 31.—A Chronicle special from Victoria contains a signed statement from Bernard Moore, who claims the town site of Skaguay. He says that ten years ago he made application for 160 acres of land in accordance with the United States laws as applied to Alaska, made a legal survey and paid in the requisite $400 to the proper officials. He hed just begun to stock the place for a dairy when the gold rush began and now thousands of citizens of Skaguay are claiming the land he paid the government for.

Kansas Bank Robbed.

Elmdale, Kan., Aug. 31.—Shortly after midnight yesterday morning cracksmen literally blew the vaults of the Exchange bank to pieces. Nitro-glycerine was used three times and the explosions were heard for miles. Before the third explosion occurred the citizens surrounded the bank and fired into it promiscuously. During the excitement the robbers escaped from a rear door, taking with them $1,800 in money and $700 worth of drafts. This made up all the money in the vault, save 128 silver dollars, which were on a top shelf.

Police Posts Burned.

Simla, Aug. 31.—The Shinwari and Kehi police posts on the Samana range were attacked, evacuated by their garrisons, and burned by the enemy on Sunday night. In addition the Oraksais on the same night looted the Nariab, Samana, bazaar and burned the school. The Kohal pass Afridis are still loyal, in spite of the mullahs' strenuous efforts to excite their chiefs. They promise not to oppose the Peshwari troops who are marching on Kohal.

Burglars Do Clever Work.

Napanee, Ont., Aug. 31.—Some time on Friday night the branch of the Dominion bank here was entered by burglars and $32,000 in checks and cash taken from the vault. So cleverly did the burglars do their work that when the officials opened the bank on Saturday there was no visible evidence of anything being wrong. That this was so was due to the fact that the burglars had knowledge of the combination of the vault.

Gives Work to 1,200 Hands.

Lawrence, Mass., Aug. 31.—Operations were resumed at the Atlantic mills yesterday after a shut down of four weeks. This gives employment to about 1,200 hands.

The Weather We May Expect.

Washington, Aug. 31.—Following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 8 p. m. yesterday: For Indiana and Illinois—Generally fair weather; warmer tonight; variable winds, becoming southeasterly. For Michigan and Wisconsin—Generally fair, warmer weather; light southerly winds. For Iowa—Fair, warmer weather; southeasterly to southerly winds.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Aug. 30.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—August, opened and closed nominal; September, opened 92c, closed 89c; December, opened 89c, closed 88¾c; May, opened 90⅝c, closed 90⅝c. Corn—August, opened and closed nominal; September, opened 29¼c, closed 29½c; December, opened 31⅛c, closed 31⅛c; May, opened 34⅝c, closed 34⅞c. Oats—August, opened and closed nominal; September, opened 18½, closed 18⅝c; December, opened 19⅞c, closed 20¼c; May, opened 22⅞c, closed 22⅞c. Pork—September, opened $8.70, closed $8.85; October, opened $8.77½, closed $8.90; December, opened $8.85, closed $8.97½. Lard—September, opened $4.72½, closed $4.80; October, opened $4.77½, closed $4.87½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 18½c per lb; extra dairy, 15c; fresh packing stock, 5@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 13½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 7@9c per lb; chickens (hens), 7½c; spring chickens, 9c; ducks, 8c. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 50@55c per bu. Blackberries—Fair to good, 60@75c per 16-qt. case.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Aug. 30.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 43,000; sales ranged at $3.15@4.45 for pigs, $4.15@4.45 for light, $3.55@4.00 for rough packing, $4.00@4.40 for mixed, and $4.00@4.30 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 19,500; quotations ranged at $4.95@5.45 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.60@5.00 good to choice do., $4.25@4.70 fair to good, $3.85@4.30 common to medium do., $3.60@4.25 butchers' steers, $3.40@3.90 stockers, $4.00@4.50 feeders, $1.90@4.20 cows, $2.60@4.50 heifers, $2.25@4.00 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.90@4.20 Texas steers, $3.50@4.50 western rangers, and $3.50@6.75 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; quotations ranged at $2.75@3.70 westerns, $2.70@3.40 Texans, 2.35@4.00 natives and $3.30@5.35 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Aug. 30.

Wheat—Lower; No. 1 northern, 92c; No. 2 spring, 89c; December, 87¾c. Corn—Steady; No. 3, 40c. Oats—Lower; No. 2 white, 21¼@21⅝c. Rye—Dull; No. 1, 45½c. Barley—Dull; No. 2, 42@43c; sample, 32@45c.

TORTURED AND ROBBED

Chicago Burglars Resort to Cruel Means.

BURN THE FEET OF THEIR VICTIM.

When Threatened with Instant Death He Finally Yields and Tells the Robbers Where He Had $1,000 in Cash Hidden Away—Was in an Unconscious Condition When Discovered by a Hired Man—Nearly Choked to Death.

Chicago, Aug. 30.—Louis Simmonds, a milk dealer, was tortured and robbed of $1,000 by burglars at his home at 3744 La Salle street just before midnight. Simmonds was asleep in his room when three men aroused him and ordered him to give up his money. He protested that he had no money in the house, but the burglars informed him that they knew he had a large sum and demanded that he reveal its hiding place. Simmonds still asserted that he had no money, and the three men bound his hands and feet and gagged him. They then dragged him from his bedroom into the kitchen and threatened to torture him unless he gave up the money.

Burned His Feet.

He stoutly refused and the wretches proceeded to light matches and burn his bare feet, inflicting excruciating pain, but not serious injury. Failing even by this method to learn the hiding place of the money, one of the men placed a revolver against Simmonds' temple and threatened to kill him unless he immediately gave the information desired. Simmonds then weakened and signaled that he would consent. The gag was removed and he told the thieves where the money was hidden. They then again gagged him and threw him on the floor, after which they secured the money and made their escape.

Ransacked the House.

After securing the money the robbers ransacked the entire house, pulling out bureau drawers and scattering the contents of trunks and boxes about the rooms, but failed to find other valuables than a few cheap rings and a small amount of jewelry. As they were leaving the house one of the men rolled Simmonds into a closet, and, taking a tableknife, forced the gag further down his throat. He said after the men left he made desperate attempts to release himself, knowing if the rag remained in his mouth long he would choke to death, but he could not loose his bounds. When found by his hired man he was black in the face and unconscious.

Notified the Police.

After hearing Simmonds' story the hired man notified the police at the Thirty-fifth street police station and Detectives Maronde and Wolf were detailed on the case. Police headquarters was also notified and several officers were sent out to capture the burglars, but no trace of them could be discovered. They had effected an entrance by breaking open a rear window, and it is evident that they had been watching Simmonds, as he had spent Saturday and part of Sunday in making collections.

LUETGERT MURDER CASE.

The Chicago Sausage Maker on Trial for His Life.

Chicago, Aug. 31.—In a quiet, unassuming way, Assistant State's Attorney McEwen stood before twelve men Monday morning, and in a conversational tone—occasionally rising to the dramatic—told them a story. It was a graphic and stirring recital of a terrible crime—the deliberate murder of a defenseless woman by her husband and the consuming of her remains under circumstances weird—even ghoulish. It was an accusation against Adolph L. Luetgert, once a man of wealth and standing, now with his life in the balance, and charged with one of the worst crimes in history. He was there in sight of the jury, listening to the terrible arraignment, backed by his attorneys, and professing his ability to prove his entire innocence. But it was a trying ordeal.

Features of the day were: Opening address of the state; announcement that the defense would waive its opening until after the state's evidence had been put in; announcement that both sides are ready to agree to the boiling up of a body in a caustic potash solution in the presence of the jury; announcement that Miss Renock of Hermitage avenue can prevent possible impeachment of little Gottlieb Schimpke's testimony; swearing of the first witness for the state.

The famous Luetgert case, one on which are the eyes of the entire country, had really begun. The opening statement of the state and the swearing of the first witness opened up a long and bitter legal strife, which will form an important chapter of crime and jurisprudence.

Bible for Emperor of Japan.

New York, Aug. 30.—The American Bible society announces that a large folio Bible in the English language has been specially prepared as a gift to the Emperor of Japan and sent to Yokohama. It will be formally presented at the first fitting opportunity after the emperor's return to Tokyo in the autumn. The gift will be made in the name of the American Bible society, the British and Foreign Bible society and the National Bible Society of Scotland, which are jointly concerned in the publication and distribution of the Japanese Scriptures. The two agents, Rev. Henry Loomis and Mr. George Braithwaite of Yokohama, are to make all the necessary arrangements, including the preparation of a suitable letter to accompany the book.

Of Incalculable Benefit.

New oYrk, Aug. 30.—The officers of the Merchants' association estimate that the benefit by the visit of buyers from all parts of the country this fall to New York, will approximate $50,000,000. They say also that the benefits to be derived in the future by the extension of trade are incalculable. The second series of excursions from the territory of the Joint Traffic association is now well under way.

Resumed on Full Time.

Somersworth, N. H., Aug. 30.—The Great Falls Cotton Manufacturing mills here resumed operations on full time Monday, after having been run forty hours a week since May.

BACK FROM KLONDIKE.

Steamer Portland Reaches Seattle with Thirteen Miners.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 30.—The steamer Portland arrived here from St. Michaels at 3 o'clock Sunday morning, coast time, bringing from the Klondike stories of vast riches and threatened starvation. Confirmation is given to the former reports of enormous wealth gained by gold seekers, but coupled with this is warning of dire perils to be faced during the coming winter if the present rush to the new El Dorado is not stopped. The food now in the district is declared to be inadequate, if anything, even for those already there, and certain starvation for many is predicted if the exodus to the gold fields is not checked. Passengers on the Portland say nothing is to be lost if those covetous of gold, but not already in the district, wait until spring, while death is almost sure to be the portion of hundreds if greed for wealth does not give way to the care of life.

The Portland brought only thirteen miners back from the Klondike, but each told of vast riches to be obtained there, and as proof they had with them between $200,000 and $250,000 worth of gold, comprising only a portion of the yield of their claims. It had been planned to meet the steamer Weare at St. Michaels and to receive her cargo of gold and returning miners, but she had not arrived at the time the Portland left that port. The Weare was fifteen days overdue, and it is feared she has met with a mishap, although nothing serious is apprehended. Her machinery was not in the best of order when she went up the Yukon, and it is regarded as probable that the delay in her arrival came from that cause.

BATTLE WITH MOONSHINERS.

They Attack a Posse and Kill Two Deputy Marshals.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 30.—Two deputy United States marshals are dead, two are seriously and two more are missing as a result of an attack on a posse of officers by a band of moonshiners in Pope county. The dead are: B. F. Taylor of Searoy county, Joe Dodson of Stone county.

The wounded are the Renfrow brothers. The names of the missing men are not given, but they are supposed to be deputy sheriffs of Searcy county. Taylor, one of the murdered men, was 60 years of age and was the wealthiest man in Searcy county. Dodson was a well-known deputy and has been a terror to moonshiners for years. The six officers were on a moonshiner raid when the terrible affair occurred. They had approached to within thirty yards of an illicit distillery, when they were fired upon from ambush. Taylor and Dodson fell at the first volley, dead in their tracks. The shooting occurred thirty-five miles from Russellville, a point ten miles south of Witt Springs. The locality is in the mountains and has for many years been a favorite rendezvous for moonshiners and counterfeiters. The news of the terrible tragedy was brought to Russellville Monday morning by Dr. Pack, who came for the coroner. The men who did the shooting are supposed to be a gang of moonshiners, led by Horace and John Church, two of the most desperate hcaracters in this part of the state.

IOWA CORN CROP IS SHORT.

Cold Rains and Unseasonable Weather Will Cause a Shrinkage.

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 30.—Director J. R. Sage of the Iowa weather and crop service has returned from a trip over the state inspecting the corn crop. Ten days ago he became alarmed because of the cold weather and started out to make a personal investigation. He finds his worst fears realized. There will be a big shortage of Iowa corn, and unless warm weather comes, a partial crop failure.

He finds the stand poor, and thinks at best that 600,000 acres will not be harvested. Under favorable conditions the Iowa crop will be 25 per cent. short, and it may be only half a crop. The cold rains of the past few days have been very discouraging. He estimates the total loss in the state at 50,000,000 bushels.

How McKinley Spent the Day.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 30.—President McKinley spent a very quiet day at Senator Hanna's home. Breakfast was served at 8:30 a. m. and the morning was spent in receiving intimate friends of the president. A delegation from an adjoining county called for a few minutes and paid its respects to the chief executive. Among the callers were State Senator James R. Garfield and Mr. William Chisholm. Just before luncheon President and Mrs. McKinley and Senator and Mrs. Hanna took a drive to Rocky river and into the country lying west of the Hanna home. Judge Day, assistant secretary of state, was the only guest at luncheon. He came up from Canton to see the president before returning to Washington. The remainder of the president's visit to Cleveland will be absolutely without ostentation.

Troops Ordered to Nashville.

Washington, Aug. 30.—Acting Secretary Meiklejohn has ordered four troops of the Third cavalry, now at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., to proceed to Nashville, Tenn., not later than the middle of September and remain until the 1st of October. The regular troops are expected to make one of the most attractive features of the exposition, which will defray the expenses of their transportation.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 34, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 1s. 1½d.

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Woolfall Publishing Company.]

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE RIOT AT IRKUTSK.

"I have been fortunate," he said in a grave voice. "Grodno was shot outside of the stockade but a few moments ago, and the Turk will suffer the same fate as soon as he can be moved to Tomsk, but your sentence has been commuted, and you will go, instead, to the mines of Kara."

"The mines of Kara!" exclaimed Maurice blankly, and for the moment, as his mind reverted to what he had read and heard of that dread place, he felt half sorry that their lives had been spared.

Then came a revulsion of feeling, and he thanked the lieutenant warmly for his intercession.

Phil, to whom the mines of Kara meant nothing, fairly broke down and was profuse in his gratitude.

"I did no more than my duty," said Lieutenant Brosky coldly. "I believed your story and stated my belief to the governor of the province. He was pleased to commute your punishment. Your original sentence, which I promised to ascertain for you, was ten years at the mines.

"That has now been increased to 30 years, so you can face the worst. Remember that what I have done for you is in return for your assistance when those two ruffians attacked me. Here our intercourse ends. It is not likely that we shall meet again."

As the lieutenant turned to leave the prison Maurice, seeing his last chance slipping away, sprang forward imploringly, but the officer motioned him back, and in an instant the door had closed behind him. "We ought to be thankful that our lives have been saved," said Phil as Maurice threw himself, face downward, on the bed, and presently he asked, "Where are the mines of Kara and what are they?"

"You will know when we reach there," said Maurice. "They are gold mines that belong to the czar and are nearly 2,000 miles from here. That's all I care to say about them." And in spite of Phil's entreaties Maurice firmly refused to talk any more about the mines of Kara.

They spent two days of gloom and hopelessness in the Tomsk prison, and at daybreak on the third morning they were rudely turned out into the inclosure, which was half filled with wretched exiles waiting apparently for some event of importance.

The delay was brief. The large gates were thrown open, and between lines of armed soldiers the convicts, answering to their names, which were called out by an officer with a book in his hand, passed outside, each man receiving at the gate a sum of money equivalent to 10 cents. On this they must subsist two days, as the Russian government allows its exiles but 5 cents a day while on the march.

The boys almost forgot their own troubles in the pitiful sights around them, for many of the prisoners were accompanied by wives and children.

The exile party was speedily made up. The extra clothes and baggage which many of the convicts possessed were piled up in wagons, and while this was going on peddlers and peasant women crowded freely in through the guards with various kinds of food, which was bought up eagerly.

At last came the order to start, and the whole column was quickly in motion. A squad of Cossacks, in their handsome green uniforms, led off and were followed by the disorderly throng of men, women and children marching between three broken lines of soldiers. The infirm and the sick and the very small children came next, riding in telgas—a species of rude wagon—and a sullen convoy of half a dozen Cossacks, guarding the baggage wagons, with their loads of gray bags, brought up the rear.

The boys turned once for a last look at Tomsk, already fast fading on the horizon, and then, with faces pale and stern, they marched away to the eastward, where thousands and thousands march every year—never to return.

The period of suffering and misery that began with the departure from

The boys suffered much from the chilling rains.

Tomsk almost defies description. Day after day they trudged on, living on the scanty food that their meager allowance was able to purchase, and sleeping at night in foul, crowded exile station houses which are built along the road at intervals of from 18 to 20 miles.

Every third day they rested, and these halts the boys soon learned to regard with uncontrollable horror, for during the whole 24 hours they remained shut up in the close, unhealthy station houses.

Thus spring passed into summer, and summer turned to autumn, and still the exile party pressed wearily forward, leaving many of their number at different points along the route.

There were times when the boys found it difficult to convince themselves that the past was not all a dream—that they had ever known a brighter, fairer country than this desolate Siberia, and then again there were occasions when the past became all too realistic and vivid, and the remembrance of their hopeless condition and of Vladimir Saradoff's crime sank into their hearts like heated iron.

The boys suffered much from the chilling rains and cold winds that came with the early autumn, and many a weary mile they marched with dripping garments flapping about their aching limbs.

It was on a crisp, cool September evening that Irkutsk was reached, and the sun was setting lightly on the white walls and golden domes of this powerful capital of eastern Siberia when the boys crossed the river on a pendulum ferryboat and entered the streets of the city.

The party now numbered scarcely 100. Many had died on the way, and many had been left at different points on the route.

Those remaining were either political prisoners or belonged to the most desperate grade of criminals.

To reach the prison the party were compelled to cross a section of the city, and the boys were amazed to see the broad, well paved streets, the imposing buildings, the shop windows filled with articles of luxury, and the well dressed people who occupied the sidewalks.

"It seems like a dream," observed Maurice to his companion. "I cannot believe that we are in Siberia. How like an American city this is, Phil, and how long it seems since we left home," he added sadly. Phil made no reply. He raised his sleeve and brushed away the tears which were rolling down his pale cheeks.

The mournful procession moved on rapidly, attracting but little attention from the people.

The central portion of the city was soon left behind, and they entered a more squalid neighborhood, with dark, narrow streets and gloomy, dingy houses. The sidewalks now appeared to be more crowded, and from the attitude of the people it seemed as though something unusual were going on.

Multitudes of peasants in red silk and black velvet trousers surged to and fro, singing and shouting, either from excitement or intoxication, probably the latter, for on every street corner was a peddler's stall, where the fiery vodka was being sold by the glass or the bottle.

"It's a holiday of some kind," whispered Maurice; "the shops are all closed and the people are dressed up in their best."

At that moment the exiles were halted in a small square, surrounded by unusually squalid houses, and instantly an eager and curious crowd had hemmed them in. They were pressed against the soldiers, who tried in vain to drive them back on the sidewalk.

A commotion was now heard in front and, mingled with the shouts of the people, the boys could distinguish rude music and a hollow beating of drums. An officer galloped along the line, shouting fiercely: "Drive the scoundrels from the square. Force your way through with swords and bayonets!"

The Cossacks made an immediate attempt to obey this order, for the column pushed forward a few yards, only to come to a dead halt again between the surging crowds.

The boys were near the front of the column, and, looking over the heads of their companions, they could see a golden image mounted on a pole and strange looking banners jammed in among the people. "This is a religious festival of some kind," said Maurice, "and those stupid Cossacks have blundered right into it on their way to the prison."

From the crowding and pushing going on in front it looked as though the mob were disputing the passage of the prisoners.

The outcry was loud and violent, and the commands of the officers with difficulty reached the ears of their men.

A close watch was kept on the convicts, and the soldiers threatened with sword and bayonet the excited mob who pressed against them.

Amid all this tumult the convicts maintained the same sullen demeanor, some gazing stupidly on the ground, others carelessly scanning the faces of the people.

Directly behind Maurice and Phil stood a middle aged man, with a light beard and mustache. He had accompanied the party from Tomsk, and his name was Paul Platoff. This was all that the boys knew concerning him, for, although his refined appearance had tempted them on more than one occasion to make his acquaintance, the recollection of their previous experience always checked them in the act. Turning half round, Maurice saw that this Platoff was gazing into the crowd, with an expression of intense excitement on his features. Had he recognized some friend or acquaintance among the people, or was he meditating a sudden escape, basing his hopes on the hostile attitude displayed toward the soldiers and the murmurs of pity for the fettered convicts?

As these thoughts passed through Maurice's mind the command to march was thundered out by the officer, and the head of the line began to straggle through the now sundered ranks of the procession.

As the men in front of him began to move Maurice turned for another look at Platoff, and on that very instant the convict sprang from the line, wrenched the gun from the grasp of the nearest soldier and, swinging it savagely round his head, plunged in among the people, who made no effort to prevent his escape.

Quick as was this daring deed, it did not escape the guards, and half a dozen Cossacks, from as many different points along the line, raised their rifles and fired at Platoff's retreating form, ignoring the people entirely in their eagerness to arrest the fugitive. The scene that ensued terrified the boys. Cries of pain followed the rifle fire, and as the smoke partially cleared four motionless bodies were seen lying in the dusty road. Paul Platoff was not among them. He had vanished in the crowd. The sight of these innocent victims changed the hostile feelings of the people to a furor of madness.

A Russian mob is always merciless and cruel, always regards a soldier or a gendarme as a born enemy, and now, with shouts of rage that were caught up and re-echoed from every corner of the square, the riotous peasantry closed in on the little group of exiles and soldiers.

For an instant swords and bayonets flashed, and the foremost of the rioters perished by cold steel, but those behind pressed on more furiously than ever.

The situation became critical in the extreme. The troops, few in number as it was, were scattered along the lines, and, being unable to concentrate, were wholly at the mercy of the mob. The tumult was deafening, and with the savage and frenzied yells of the rabble mingled the occasional crack of a rifle or a clash of steel. Up in front the advance guard of Cossacks were making a brave stand, and the rear guard, too, were apparently holding their own, but along the straggled line the soldiers were going down one by one, and missiles of every description were falling thickly among the panic stricken convicts.

Something round and black, with a smoking fuse, fell at Maurice's feet.

"Back! Back!" he cried, frantically clutching Phil by the shoulder, and as they turned to flee a terrific explosion shook the ground and a red flash briefly lit up the scene of carnage.

CHAPTER X.

STORMING THE WRONG CITADEL.

The explosion of the bomb—for such it undoubtedly was—threw Maurice with stunning force to the ground, and when he staggered to his feet, dizzy and blinded, he believed at first that he was badly injured.

When the smoke and dust cleared partially, he forgot his own pain in the misery around him. Two or three of the convicts lay on the ground groaning piteously. The bomb had done dreadful execution, and not among those for whom it was intended, for the guards had escaped the flying fragments of iron and glass.

Phil lay among the injured, his face and hair stained with blood. Maurice bent over him in alarm.

"Phil, Phil," he cried, "speak to me. Are you hurt?" Then, as no answer came, he seized the wounded boy in his arms and staggered backward with his burden.

The excitement had now reached the highest pitch. The mob, inflamed still more by the unintentional injury done the exiles, pressed forward against the few remaining soldiers. The whole square was jammed with the furious combatants. The Cossacks fought well, using bayonet and saber with deadly effect, but against such desperate numbers their bravery was of no avail, and many of them fell under the volley of cobblestones, clubs, bricks and what other missiles the rioters could lay their hands on.

The rapid approach of darkness made the scene still more dreadful, and as the prisoners realized their situation and saw the discomfiture of their guards many of them broke from the lines and vanished in the crowd.

The intense excitement gave to Maurice almost superhuman strength, and Phil's unconscious body seemed an easy burden as he bore it tenderly into the center of the lines, where the chance of safety from the flying missiles was best. There he paused irresolutely for a moment. The sullen roar of the mob rang in his ears, an occasional red flash lit up the gloom, and the terror stricken wretches around him were beginning to flee in all directions.

No attempt was made to check them. The few remaining soldiers were busily engaged in fighting for their lives.

As Maurice still hesitated whether to remain where he was or to trust to the tender mercies of the mob the situation changed with appalling suddenness. A terrific report echoed over the square—a report that was instantly succeeded by cries of fright and pain—and the riotous mob, quick to recognize the crash of artillery, fell into a hopeless panic and fled in confusion. Toward the four approaches of the square they surged, shouting, trampling each other underfoot, and still the vengeful cannon sent its iron messengers tearing among them.

Retaining his presence of mind and clinging to Phil with all his might, Maurice was swept into the thick of the struggle. Jostled, squeezed and bruised, he was carried, without any effort of his own, foot by foot, across the square. Twice he stumbled and gave himself up for lost, but the press lifted him to his feet again, and he held on to his burden with renewed hope.

Above the roar of the people he heard the whistle of rifle balls, for it was evident that re-enforcements had arrived and were firing recklessly into the mob. The troops seemed bent on slaughtering as many of the rioters as possible, for the shooting became louder and more frequent, and men began to drop in all directions.

Twice Maurice shuddered when he felt something soft underfoot. With every nerve strained to its utmost he held his own against the pressure, expecting every moment to be riddled with bullets.

Suddenly his foot tripped on something hard, and, taking a step upward, he felt the smooth pavement under him. At the same instant there was a stinging pain in his left arm, and his grasp on Phil relaxed. He knew he could go no farther with his burden, and yet to remain where he was meant certain death.

To his right a gloomy building loomed indistinctly out of the darkness. If he could only cross the sidewalk and reach that, he might find a place of refuge till the danger was past.

Summoning all his strength and still grasping Phil with his wounded arm, in spite of the pain, he began to force his way at right angles through the mob.

It was almost a hopeless task, but he stuck to it, bravely pushing the people right and left with desperate strength.

The air was clouded with powder smoke, and the guns still pounded unceasingly.

Fierce as was the rush of the mob, Maurice fought his way clear across the sidewalk, and staggering feebly up a flight of stone steps dropped in a dead faint on the summit. The ping of bullets brought him to his senses, and he sat up to see Phil lying motionless at his side and a man in convict garb leaning heavily against the door.

He turned to the boys, and Maurice recognized Paul Platoff. The fugitive's face was white with pain, and his right leg was bound with a crimson bandage torn from his overcoat.

"We are safe for the present," he said in Russian, pointing to the high wooden canopy over the top of the steps. "Keep low, though, for a stray bullet might strike you."

Maurice nodded gratefully, and immediately stretched himself at full length on the topmost step. A glance upward showed him a high stone building. The windows were tightly closed with iron shutters, and the door was of heavy wood with brass trimmings.

Then he turned his attention to the street, and at once forgot Phil, Platoff and his wounded arm in the scene beneath him.

The house where he had taken refuge was at the entrance to one of the exits from the square. By good fortune the majority of the rioters had turned in this direction. It had so happened that the troops approached the square from all three of the other entrances, leaving this one alone unguarded, and now the narrow passageway was fast choking up with the fleeing fugitives, while a horde of cavalry rode at their heels, sabering the wretched creatures as fast as they could use their weapons. The roar of artillery and the crack of rifles had almost ceased, but the shrieks of the wounded and the frightened cries of the others made an indescribable tumult.

With a sad heart Maurice watched the mass withdrawing foot by foot through the narrow street, while the tramp of hoofs and the glare of torches came closer and closer and closer.

Platoff's commanding voice recalled him to his senses.

"Come," he said, touching Maurice on the shoulder. "You are a brave lad. I watched your heroic struggle through the crowd. Let us try to escape. If we can gain access to this house till the square be cleared, I have friends who will care for us. I am wounded, or I would seek safety there." And he pointed down at the struggling crowd. Most of this speech Maurice understood, for he had by this time acquired a fair knowledge of the language. He sat up gladly and turned to Platoff for instructions. The Russian, however, was bending over Phil and wiping the blood from the boy's pallid face. "Your friend is not dead," he said. "A fragment of bomb has grazed his head. He will be all right shortly."

Reaching within his blouse, he drew out a tiny flask and put it to Phil's lips. The effect was wonderful. The wounded lad opened his eyes and made an effort to sit up. Platoff propped him against the side of the doorway and then turned to Maurice. "Look," he said, "the Cossacks are coming nearer. Their torches will soon light up our hiding place. If we would escape, there is not a moment to lose." Half rising on his uninjured leg, he rattled fiercely at the door and hammered the heavy panel with his fists.

"The cowards," he cried angrily, as no response came from within. "They are afraid to open it. But we have still another chance. Force will conquer where persuasion fails."

He dragged himself to the edge of the steps. The wooden canopy over the door was supported by heavy pillars, and seizing one of these Platoff, with a desperate effort, wrenched it loose. Handing it to Maurice, he tore a second one from its socket for his own use, and turning to the door he dealt it a sturdy stroke with the heavy weapon.

"Strike, lad, strike!" he shouted to Maurice. "Do your best!" And under the double rain of blows the door began to creak and tremble. Carried away by the possibilities of escape which Platoff offered, Maurice once more forgot all prudence, and with nerves wrought to the highest tension he banged away at the resisting barrier with furious energy. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw the square all ablaze with torches and alive with mounted Cossacks and swarms of infantry.

The insurrection had been quickly quelled, and the rear of the mob was fast struggling out through the narrow street, leaving countless dead behind them. "Harder, harder!" commanded Platoff. "A few more strokes will do it, and then safety." As he spoke a squad of Cossacks clattered down the street, striking right and left at the remnant of the fugitives, and along the sidewalk advanced a turbulent swarm of troops, seeking here and there for some object on which to vent their passion. A torch gleam flashed under the canopy, revealing the fugitives, and the maddened soldiers made a rush for the steps, firing recklessly into the air as they ran. In desperation Platoff and Maurice redoubled their efforts. Crash, crash, rang the heavy pillars, and crack, crack, went the door on its hinges. The bullets pinged sharply round the daring refugees, and just as the foremost of the soldiers swept up the steps, with gleaming bayonets, the lock gave way before the fusillade and the door swung inward.

"Inside, for your life!" shouted Platoff, and seizing Phil in his powerful arms he fairly threw him into the dark hallway and pushed Maurice after him. Springing back to the edge of the steps, he snatched the two heavy pillars, and swinging them around his head mowed down the advancing soldiers like ripened wheat.

With a spring he regained the hallway and slammed the door shut in the very face of a furious storm of bullets.

"I have your companion," he shouted to Maurice. "Follow me quick. They will be here in an instant." He led the way in the darkness, and Maurice followed closely along what seemed to be a vast corridor. Outside were heard furious cries and rifle shots and a clatter of feet. Then the door burst open, revealing a blaze of torches and a multitude of fierce faces.

"Down flat!" shouted Platoff. "They will fire over our heads."

As they dropped to the floor, trembling in expectation of a volley of bullets, a door at the farther end of the corridor opened, and a file of soldiers appeared, led by a young officer with drawn sword. A lamp was burning in the room behind them. For a moment a dire catastrophe impended.

The command to fire was on the officer's lips, and the soldiers at the outer door already held their hands on the triggers. Caught between two fires, the fugitives devoutly hugged the floor, wishing themselves anywhere but in their present predicament. The thrilling pause was broken by a Cossack officer, who forced his way up the steps and into the hall.

"If we would escape, there is not a moment to lose."

"Don't shoot!" he cried to the men. "What are you doing here? What does this mean, attacking his majesty's storehouse?"

Before a reply could be made the officer at the farther end of the hall cried, "In the name of the czar, lay down your arms and surrender, or I fire!"

"Hold on! Don't shoot!" exclaimed the Cossack. "What is the meaning of this, you ruffians?" And he turned angrily to the men.

"It is not we who have broken in here," half a dozen burst out. "It is some of the rioters. They have killed our men, and we demand vengeance."

The young officer, who had been under the impression that the men at the door were part of the mob attacking the building, now advanced down the corridor with his file of soldiers, and, seeing that the game was up, Platoff rose to his feet, crying loudly: "Don't shoot, don't shoot! We are exiles; we do not belong to the mob!"

The soldiers at the door commenced to clamor for their lives, but the Cossack officer drove them back from the entrance, and the other troops advanced down the corridor and seized Platoff and his companions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand medicine. By the neglect of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured:

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhœa and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

Your Boy.

You do not know what there is in him. Bear with him, be patient, wait. Feed him, clothe him, love him. He is a boy, and most boys are bad. You think him so light hearted and fear he is light headed as well. But remember he calls you father. When he played in your lap, you fondly hoped he would some day be a great and useful man. Now that he has grown larger and his young blood drives him into gleeful sport and makes him impatient of serious things—rattling, playful, thoughtless—you almost despair. But don't be snappish and snarlish and make him feel that you are disappointed in him. He is your boy, and you are to live in him. He bears your name and is to send it on down the stream of time. He inherits your fortune and fame and is to transmit them to generations to come.

It cannot be otherwise. A daughter divides your fortune, transmits less of your fame and loses your name. A boy is more nearly yourself than anything else can be. It is through your boy you go down in history, through your boy you are to live in the future. By him you are to act upon the generation that is to come.

It may be difficult to govern him, but be patient. He may seem averse to everything useful and good, but wait. No one can tell what is in a boy. He may surprise you some day. Hope. Let him grow. While his body grows larger and stronger, his mental and moral nature may expand and improve.

Educate your boy. You may think money spent in that way is money spent in vain, there is nothing in him, he has no pride, no aspiration. You don't know. No one can tell what is in a boy. Besides, there may be an unkindled spark, an unfanned flame, a smoldering fire, a latent energy, which the teacher's rod may stir, the association with books and men may arouse, develop and direct and thus start your boy going, with such energy and determination that no power on earth could stop him short of the topmost round in the ladder of fame.

If you cannot educate him, let him educate himself. That is the best way. That will make him strong—a giant with whom no one dare interfere. Such are the best men in the world. The greatest benefactors of the race have stooped their shoulders to bear burdens, have carried hands hardened by rough labor, have endured the fatigue of toil. Many such are in our minds now. Labor omnia vincit (Labor conquers all things). The old Roman was right We see it in a thousand instances.—New York Ledger.

Gunning In Washington.

"Some years ago," says an old gunner, "I had fine sport in pigeon shooting on Fifteenth and F streets northwest. I do not wonder you look surprised. I was employed in the treasury at the time—a little before the war—and the pigeons that roosted on the cornice and about the capitals of the colonnade had multiplied and they were so numerous as to inconvenience the employees. To those particularly who were in the upper stories of the building they were an intolerable nuisance. The superintendent of the building secured from the mayor a suspension of the law prohibiting the use of firearms within the city limits, so as to allow gunning about the building before 7 o'clock in the morning by such persons as he should designate. I having had the reputation of being a good shot and with a mouth set for a pigeon pie dinner, secured permission to shoot. One morning's shooting was enough for me so far as the bird pie dinner was concerned, for some of the birds were so aged and tough that hide and feathers were too much for the lead, and many of those killed who found their way to kitchens were too much for the teeth. The sport was kept up for several days, more to the benefit of the department in contracting the circulation of the birds than for the pleasure of eating the game secured, and thousands were slain.—Washington Star.

A Good Guess of Long Ago.

During the American Revolution an English magazine published an estimate of the North American colonies. Placing the population then at 2,000,000 and assuming that it would double itself every 25 years, the writer estimated that in the year 1890 the number would have increased to 64,000,000. This may be taken as a most remarkable prophecy, inasmuch as the census of 1890 fixes the total population at 62,622,250.

Angelic Temperament.

"He is good natured, is he?"

"Good natured! Why, I have known that man to wear a smiling face when he was speaking of taking off a porous plaster."—Boston Traveler.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS!

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Post-office Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN Company.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
JOHN J. MAHONEY, WALTER J. GIBBONS,
JOHN T. KEATING, JOHN ROCHE,
JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mr. Thomas W. Keene.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Jack and the Beanstalk."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Herrmann the Great Co.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Fort Frayne."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"'Tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THAT OMINOUS FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

The alliance between France and Russia, so strongly proclaimed by the rulers of both countries at the banquet to the French President given at the Russian capital, has given the world a real political sensation. In some quarters it is regarded as a slap at the German Emperor, in others as a threat against England, whose greed for territory in every quarter of the globe has aroused the hatred and jealousy of the other European powers. French enthusiasts, particularly in Paris, profess to see in the alliance the speedy restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France, vi et armis, if necessary; while British pessimists insist that it is a movement to still further isolate England, and render her a nonenity in European and Asiatic politics. Speculators may take their choice of these theories respecting the Franco-Russian alliance, but, in either case, or in any case, the combination of these two gigantic military powers—each renowned, in spite of many martial misfortunes, for bravery and devotion—must naturally set the civilized world to guessing the final result.

The Russian soldier is brave, enduring, fanatical in the performance of duty. The French soldier is gallant, ardent, reckless of life, and, under many immortal captains, has proven himself time and time again second to no other warrior of the world. Each of the allies has qualities to command the respect and admiration of the other. The French and Russians exchanged volleys, and locked bayonets, at Austerlitz, Eylau, Friedland, Smolensko, Borodino, the Alma, Inkermann and the Malakoff. At Eylau and Borodino, although the field was yielded to the French, the Russians displayed a noble heroism that called forth unstinted praise from the lips of Napoleon himself; and, during the festivities that marked the treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, the two armies exchanged uniforms, so great was the mutual respect of the soldiers for each other. In that year, Napoleon and Alexander became allies—an ill-starred combination, because the Russian was virtually compelled by England to break faith with the great conqueror in regard to the Berlin commercial decrees which excluded British manufactures from the continent of Europe. This breach of faith led to the war of 1812, the invasion of Russia, and the destruction by frost and famine of the theretofore invincible Grand Army of France.

Napoleon III. committed one of the greatest mistakes of his reign when he aided England to fight Russia—whose interests did not clash with those of France—in the Crimean war. The French forces saved Great Britain from a ruinous defeat during that conflict, because England, grown fat and flabby after a peace of more than a generation, had neither the generals, the armies or the organization requisite for such a struggle. Her commander-in-chief was a brave but superannuated officer, who had not been under fire from the evening of Waterloo, in 1815, to the morning of the Alma, in 1851! His tactics, like himself, were old-fashioned, and the consciousness of failure precipitated the death of the old hero. Lord Raglan, as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, otherwise Plantagenet, was the chief and favorite aide-de-camp of Wellington, throughout the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns.

It would seem to us that, should Russia and France determine to be aggressive, Germany, notwithstanding her magnificent armament and almost unrivalled military capacity, is disadvantageously placed, with a powerful enemy on each of her two most important frontiers. Austria would hardly dare to incur the displeasure of Russia by interfering in her interest, and Italy, with a virtually empty treasury, is powerless. England will feel devoutly thankful to be left alone, and, besides, she is likely to have her hands full in trying to suppress the outbreaks on the Indian frontier, which are likely to increase rather than diminish. Indeed, it is not improbable that the final possession of India is one of the chief events on the Russian programme. In that case Ireland's long desired opportunity would surely have arrived.

JOHN BULL LOVES THE IRISH DONKEY.

The English hold at a high value everything "raised," or produced, in Ireland, except the people. John Bull smacks his lips over juicy and tender Irish beef and mutton. He has also a kindly feeling, although for a different reason, toward the Irish hunter and steeple chaser. He has no objection to the Irish hog, in the shape of pork, ham and bacon, and he is deeply in love with Irish poultry. His newest and tenderest passion is for the Irish jackass, which is to fill a long felt want in South Africa. The English editors wax eloquent on this inspiring subject, and the Irish donkey has become the popular fad of the day in the British dependency of the Cape. It is the fastidious, the aristocratic Spectator that sings loudest the praises of the Irish jack, whose docility, endurance and general good qualities it cheerfully indorses.

"Ireland," says the Spectator, "is at present the main home of the donkeys in the British Islands. Two hundred thousand are annually thence exported to England. They are small, stunted animals, with plenty of endurance, which the donkey never loses, but showing all the worst results of neglect in breeding. As this is the only domestic animal which we have neglected to improve, the results are useful as a scientific example of what happens when domestic animals are 'left to themselves.' Improved animals—sheep, cattle, or horses down to cats—are full of 'excellent differences.' Our neglected donkeys, never 'bred for points,' have sunk to a dead and dull uniformity of color, size, shape, and even of demeanor. How different from the gay thirteen-hand 'station' donkey whom your English host puts at your disposal at Ramich. He meets you at the station, starts off at a full gallop, rushes in at the home-gate, and pulls up unasked at the mounting-block of the same kind under the veranda. Authority states the reign of Elizabeth as the period at which the use of the donkey first became general in England. The fact was observed then, but their introduction was, we imagine, due to the connection with Spain established in the reign of Queen Mary. There must have been plenty of good male donkeys in the country for mule-breeding, but the stock has never been replenished or improved. They have steadily dwindled in size, until they have reached the limit set by bad food, want of shelter, and neglect in selection, in the tiny, half-wild donkeys of the New Forest.

"The sole luxury in life which the New Forest donkey enjoys is the privilege of rolling in the dust on the fenceless roads on a hot day. Yet he is not ill-tempered, and will draw a forest cart with a couple of women in it at a trot for four or five miles very comfortably. In Wales the small tenants do improve their donkeys by giving them better food than common, and often make a high price for them. Both in Somersetshire near the coal measures, and in Norfolk by the coast, the animals are in request, and are recognized as a useful help to the poor man; but they are as far removed from the prize sixteen-hand animal of Kentucky Agricultural Shows as the Shetland pony is from the Shire horse. Donkeys are just the kind of animal which the peasant proprietor finds useful. A proof of it is seen in the number already reared in Ireland, and the surplus available for export. But a little organization and intelligent direction would increase the size and double the value of the breed. The means by which general improvements of this kind are effected are quite familiar from previous experience. If a twentieth part of the pains taken to improve the stock of Irish horses, disclosed in the recent commission of Irish horse-breeding, were taken to improve the race of Irish donkeys, the peasant-farmer would have a 'second string' available, most valuable whenever a war or pestilence caused a demand for other than the ordinary transport animals.

"The needs of South Africa which have sent buyers to Ireland are exceptional, and unlikely to recur on such a scale. The rinderpest has destroyed the ox transports, and scarcity of grain has starved the horses. But there are two factors which may always be relied on to make a good donkey worth a good price in Rhodesia. These are 'horse sickness' and the tsetse-fly. The astonishing constitution of the donkey makes him less liable to the first, and quite proof against the last of these pests of the new country. As a beast for army transport the donkey is not a mere 'emergency' animal. 'The establishment of breeding studs, and the greater employment of the donkey as a transport animal is well worthy of the attention of the military authorities,' writes Major Leonard, after sixteen years' experience as a transport officer. He finds that, used as a pack animal, the smallest donkey will carry an average weight of 130 pounds, and the larger ones 150 pounds. It can be taken through deserts for journeys of from fifty to sixty hours without water, and pick up food on the way. It has no nerves, and therefore is a first-class animal to take ammunition boxes to the fighting line. It is small and less likely to be hit by bullets than a horse, and gets over more difficult ground with less leading. One man can drive ten donkeys on the march, and they need little rations, grooming, or protection from cold."

We congratulate the Irish donkey on having won the admiration of the Spectator, but we advise the philosophical animal to be on the look out for squalls. There is going to be hot work in the Transvaal and Hindostan, and, no doubt, the Irish jackass will be sent plentifully on "the fighting line," just as the Irish red coat used to be before Irishmen ceased to enlist in large numbers in the army of their enemy. But, no doubt, our advice will be disregarded and the Irish donkey will take service under the Union Jack for his present profit and future destruction.

ENGLAND'S INDIAN DILEMMA.

The English continue to lose post after post on the Indo-Afghan frontier and the brave Afridi tribesmen seem to have everything their own way in the field, thus far. England is much worried lest the rebellious fever should spread to the lower country of Hindostan. The Khyber and Kohat passes have fallen into the hands of their enemies, and the native troops have proved so unreliable that hundreds of them have been disarmed and disbanded. England has always prided herself on "the loyalty" of the soldiers raised in the Indian highlands, and, since Gough thrashed them at Moodkee, they have certainly been faithful to their English rations. Now, however, a change seems to have come over the spirit of their dream. The Khyber Rifles and the Corps of Guides—both native troops of the elite—are thoroughly demoralized, and the officers can rely on European troops only. Should the flame extend to the Sepoys, England's rule in India is doomed. Perhaps this is the situation that Gladstone foresaw when he warned the English parliament to pass, with some show of graciousness and spontaneity, the Home Rule bill of 1886. Then, he said, Ireland would be grateful for the measure, but not when it came, as some day it was bound to come, under the influence of "abject terror." How well Gladstone knew his countrymen! There is no more magnanimity in the average English politician than in a Bengal tiger. The war clouds loom on England everywhere. They obscure the sun, which, it was said, never ceased to shine on her dominions. Well, well, God's vengeance is slow in the case of England, but sure just the same.

HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD BENEFIT.

A lecture, together with a vocal and instrumental programme, will be given at Central Music hall, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 7, for the benefit of the House of the Good Shepherd. The lecture will be by the learned and eloquent Father A. A. Lambert, S. J., and his subject will be "Ingersollism."

The House of the Good Shepherd contains, at the present time, 365 inmates, and is governed by a Mother Superior and forty-one Sisters of the Order of the Good Shepherds. Among the inmates are seventy-one Magdalens, reclaimed from the unfortunate class, and now made familiar with the light of the gospel. The institution, which ought to be more liberally supported by the municipality and the public at large, is deeply in debt for the necessaries of life, food, fire and clothing, and the charitable among the people should crowd Central Music hall next Tuesday evening in its support. Following is the programme in full:

1. Mandolin Solo, { a Melody.....Rubinstein / b Spring Song.....Mendelssohn } Sig. A. Tomasso.
2. Contralto Solo, "Rory Darlin".....Temple Mrs. J. P. McGrath.
3. Violin Solo, { a Serenade.....Pierne / b Mazurka.....Hinlawski } Mr. Fr. Hladky.
4. Soprano Solo, "Ave Maria".....Gounod (With Violin, Harp and Organ accompaniment) Miss Edna Crawford.
5. Lecture, "Ingersollism"..... Rev. A. A. Lambert, S. J.
6. Harp Solo, Mazurka.....Schuecker Miss Alice Genevieve Smith.
7. Baritone Solo.....Selected Mr. J. P. McGrath.
8. Trio, for Violin, Harp and Organ, "Hymn, St. Cecelia".....Gounod Mr. Fr. Hladky, Miss Alice G. Smith and Mr. Leo Mutter.

Platform Committee—Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, D. D.; Very Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, V. G.; Rev. N. J. Mooney, Chancellor; Revs. P. D. Gill, J. P. Dore, J. M. Scanlan, J. C. Gillan, F. S. Henneberry, E. A. Murphy, R. Dunne, D. J. Riordan, E. A. Kelly, F. N. Perry, Alex. McGavick, Hugh McGuire, P. J. Muldoon, Thomas P. Hodnett, D. A. Tighe, T. F. Galligan, Hugh O'Gara McShane, P. M. Flannigan, M. J. Dorney, Thomas Burke, J. M. Cartan, S. P. McDonnell, Thomas Moreschini, O. S. M.; Father Hugh, O. S. M.; Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Judges T. A. Moran, W. J. Gibbons, Richard S. Tuthill, R. W. Clifford, James Goggin, John Gibbons, Gen. G. W. Smith, Ald. T. J. O'Malley, Ald. Miles Berry, Messrs. John Cudahy, Michael Cudahy, John F. Finerty, Washington Hesing, John F. Cremin, Thomas Brenan, W. J. Onahan, E. D. Brown, John R. Walsh, Martin A. Ryerson, Edward Lahiff, T. D. Hurley, Dr. C. D. Bradley, John M. Smyth, Z. P. Brosseau, Dr. J. Dowd, Dr. Geo. F. Shears, Wm. Dillon, LL.D., D. F. Bremner, M. W. Kerwin, D. B. Scully, W. A. Amberg, C. C. Copeland, James Bradburn, D. R. Cameron, John T. Keating, John F. Barrett, Andrew Cummings, W. A. McGuire, A. Brosseau, Eugene O'Reilly, Alexander Sullivan, John E. Dalton, Thomas F. Barrett, Martin J. Russell, John Amberg, Charles Plamondon.

Tickets, $1.00 each, are for sale at Benziger Bros., Catholic booksellers; Lyon & Healy's, Feeley & Co., 71 Washington street, and at the box office Central Music hall.

COL. W. R. ROBERTS DEAD.

Col. William R. Roberts, formerly President of the Fenian Brotherhood of America, died recently, after a lingering illness, in New York. He was a native of the County Cork, Ireland, and was in his 67th year at the time of his death. He came to America in early life, and, by industry and ability, became one of the merchant princes of New York before he had entered middle life. Prosperity followed his footsteps for many years, but the time he devoted to Irish National matters caused his business to decay, and he died a poor man. Under his presidency, and the military direction of the late General Sweeney, the Fenian raid on Canada, in 1866, was carried into effect. Colonel Roberts was a remarkably handsome man, a fine public speaker, and strictly honorable in every dealing. The one weakness of his character was super-sensitiveness to adverse criticism. This led him to resign the Fenian presidency, which afterward passed into hands less competent, and, no doubt, caused the subsequent failure of the movement. Col. Roberts married a Miss Maguire many years ago, and she and one son, James F. Roberts, survive him. The Colonel was a Democrat in politics, and was appointed Minister to Chili by President Cleveland during his first administration. While at Santiago, he was stricken with paralysis and obliged to return to New York. He had been more or less an invalid since his return, and his death was a happy release from much earthly suffering. The Roberts family came from Wales to Ireland with Strongbow, in 1169-72, and General Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the British army in Ireland, a native of Waterford, is descended from the same stock.

FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL'S OPINION OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, ex-member of the British Parliament, who is now London correspondent for United Ireland, Dublin, is paying particular attention to the condition of the United States navy, which he conceives to be in a very helpless state. Although Mr. O'Donnell has an unhappy knack of looking at most things American through the large end of the journalistic telescope, which decreases the size of objects, we consider some of his points well taken, especially when he touches on the future relations between this country and Great Britain. Mr. O'Donnell, in United Ireland of Aug. 14, says:

"I have several times during the past couple of months referred in passing to the English preparations for an eventual conflict with the United States. It is an important subject, to which I will shortly devote special attention. What is no less important is the condition of the United States in view of the possibility or probability of a further development of English hostility to American commerce and influence. It will not be difficult to show that if the Irish citizens of the United States are zealous for the power and respect which ought to be enjoyed by their adopted country, they have not a moment to lose before taking in hand that defense of American security which has been grossly and criminally neglected by the so-called Native-American parties. Here, for instance, is a Reuter's telegram from New York which reveals the plight, the disgraceful and disastrous plight, into which the said Native-American parties have allowed the naval administration of the republic to fall:

"'NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—The United States battleship Indiana has started for Halifax, where she will go into dock for cleaning and painting. This is the first occasion on which a United States battleship has been sent to a foreign dock for lack of docking facilities at home. It is probable that the battleships Massachusetts and Iowa will shortly follow the Indiana to Halifax, as it is not expected that the dock at New York, which 'is the only other one on the Atlantic coast of America capable of receiving them, will be repaired in less than a year.'

"Is not that an eloquent tribute to the devotion with which the pretended Native-American parties subserve the supremacy of England and depress and degrade the United States? Not only has America a contemptibly weak and petty navy, but when one of the American ships requires repair, it has to go to the English dock at Halifax for want of an American repairing dock. There is, besides, only a single dock at New York, and this one will not be ready for another twelvemonth. Imagine the condition of the American fleet in case of hostilities with England, and without a single harbor fitted for the most elementary requirements of a fleet. I guess that the leaders of the Native-American parties aforesaid richly deserve the cat-o'-nine-tails or to dangle in a noose at the end of a yardarm. The sooner the Irish-Americans come forward to rescue the honor and power of the United States from the American traitors, the better it will be for America. But for the Irish-Americans a hundred yeas ago, but for the O'Carrolls, of Carrollton, and the O'Sullivans, and the Montgomerys, and the Barrys, and the Irish bayonets of the famous Pennsylvania Line, and the splendid valor of the Irish brigades in the French service, there would have been no American Independence."

Reuter's telegrams are always more or less sensational, and, consequently, incorrect. It is no unusual thing for foreign battleships to refit in American ports. Our navy yards ought to be in better condition than they are, but we are gradually getting around to make them more perfect. As for England's "preparations," she can go on making them, if it amuses her, but, remembering "'76' and "the war of '12," we are not particularly scared. Mr. O'Donnell seems to labor under the false impression that New Englanders do not make good soldiers. Concord, Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Saratoga sufficiently testify to their valor; not to mention their magnificent record during the civil war. In the war of 1812, New England acted discreditably, as a whole, but this was not because of the cowardice but the fatuity of her children, who were then suffering from a bad attack of Anglomania.

CASTE GROWTH IN AMERICA.

Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, formerly managing editor of the old Chicago Times, and now a resident of Boston, where he is one of the recognized leaders among the literati of "the Hub," has an interesting paper in the July Nineteenth Century, dealing with "Caste Growth in the United States." This growth has been apparent to everybody who remembers the state of American society previous to and immediately following the close of the civil war. Before the latter event the South, particularly Virginia, the Carolinas and Louisiana, was the chief seat of caste; but, during the last thirty years, the North has developed the same conditions to a still greater degree, and with far less excuse, because the negroes in this section are a comparatively small minority, whereas, in the South they were, and are, a very formidable factor for either good or evil. If properly dealt with, they are the wealth of the South, for they, with all their peculiar faults, do all, or nearly all, of the hard work; whereas, if unskilfully "handled," they may at any time become a menace and even a curse. However, everything considered, the negro has behaved himself in a fairly satisfactory manner, since his emancipation, and, when uninfluenced by designing politicians, who play upon his ignorance and simplicity, is, in the main, a good-natured fellow. It is safe to assume that caste distinctions, as far as color is concerned, can never be obliterated at the South, and but very slightly at the North. In the latter section, it is undeniable that the gulf between the rich and poor whites is yearly growing broader and deeper. An untitled aristocracy — an aristocracy without pedigree—is taking deep root in the wealthier centres, and the good old times when employers and employed sat down at a common board have vanished forever. The patriarchal spirit has almost entirely disappeared from the cities and towns of the Union, but, in the remote country districts, the plain old American farmer still treats his "hired help" in some sort as equals and fellow beings. In some of our big cities the daughters and granddaughters of women who served the comparatively well-to-do of a former epoch as cooks, housemaids, nurses or sewing women, now turn up their scornful noses at the domestic female servant, just as much—indeed far more than if in their veins ran "all the noble blood of all the noble Howards."

In connection with this subject, we excerpt the concluding portion of Mr. Chamberlin's able article:

In Newport I saw evidences in abundance, not only in the prevalence of frank worship of social position, and in the growth of castes, but in the demoralization of the tradespeople through much dealing with corruptible flunkeys, that a whole community may be unfavorably influenced by the example set by a wealthy, fashionable, and exclusive class.

In a subsequent residence of nearly three years at Fall River, which is quite near Newport, I had an opportunity to get what might be called a cross-section of all American society by taking the two places together. Fall River is an exclusively manufacturing town of large population which developed with great rapidity from what was, early in the present century, a small farming community. The town has been remarkably free from outside influences except in the lower strata of its society. I found here a great foreign population which was governed industrially, and for the most part politically, by a small native community descended from the handful of farmers who had once wrung a hard living from the thin soil that covered the granite ledge on which scores of cotton-mills now stand. These mills are owned, chiefly, by the descendants of the old farmers who owned the ground along or about the stream which flows through the town, and which afforded a fine water-power. The advantage which the possession of the ground gave them resulted, apparently, in their perpetual domination in the affairs of the city which was to grow up here. Of "aristocracy" there was never any in the place; the mother of one of the chiefest mill-owners and social heads of the existing community had once been an operative in a cotton-mill; her condition in this regard—for it dated from the days of Lucy Larcom and the "Lowell Offering," celebrated in Dickens' American Notes—being not exceptional, but ordinary.

Naturally, many of the frugal ways and some of the democratic notions of a more primitive period clung to these people; but their usages were strongly marked with the conceit of the social superiority of certain families, of the same sort as that of the Vermont community which I have described. These Fall River families had the advantage over the members of "Society" in New York or Boston of being really dominant in the affairs of their town. When I was there these people had developed little likeness to or connection with the fashionable society of the greater or older cities. Nevertheless, by a slow process of individual selection, the assimilation of the descendants of these very humble New England crofters with the elegant and exclusive society of New York and Boston could be seen already progressing; and their position in their own community gave them a prospect of eventual affiliation with it.

The effect of the concentration of influence in a small mill-owning and land-owning class upon the opposite pole of society was what, I should suppose, was exactly to be expected. I saw little snobbery in the place, and little fawning, but rather the most implacable enmity, on the part of the imported working population, toward the American masters. Great numbers of these operatives possessed votes, but by pitting the voters of one imported nationality against another—English against Irish, and Canadian-French against both—the American minority generally ruled the town politically without much trouble. The close combination of the mill-owners in industrial matters was answered by several labor unions, whose hostility to the masters was at least as intense, if their cohesion was not as great as that of the ring of brothers, cousins and old neighbors who stood above them. Thus this promising caste of farmers grown mill-masters had very cleverly reproduced the most marked social conditions of industrial Europe, with an angry proletariat clamoring at their doors.

Social details of the sort I have mentioned may not appear very important in themselves. They would be of importance, however, if, taken with other facts, they pointed to a prospect of an eventual triumph of a social arrangement founded on caste over a democratic impulse which had a highly favorable opportunity for its development. Caste questions form the theme of plays and romances, but they are seldom studied by economists. It seems to me that serious data concerning them are worthy of presentation. In America we concern ourselves much with the "dangerous elements," with anarchistic sentiments which are supposed to have been imported into our great cities from Europe, and hear much about the division of society into two great camps of rich and poor, a division which is supposed to rest on legislation which favors the rich; but we hear little about the perfectly voluntary growth of caste feeling, though I should count this really a more important matter, because more inveterate in human thought and much further beyond the reach of legislation. It is a thing which general prosperity does not check, but rather stimulates, by bringing a greater number of persons within the range of social ambition; the accumulation of even a small amount of wealth in a family kindles to white heat the desire for progression toward the charmed upper circle. And it is a thing which is so peculiarly voluntary, and apparently so inevitably the outgrowth of the organization of society on the basis of the family, that the very people whom we hear vaguely lamenting the social stratification as contrary to the principles of the Fourth of July orations, are every day doing their utmost to assist it.

BUFFALO BILL IN TOWN.

Our old friend Col. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) and his splendid Wild West Show are in town again, having begun a two weeks' engagement at the Coliseum on Aug. 30. The Colonel looks in splendid health and time deals gently with his handsome face and superb physique. The great Wild West Show has gained in attractiveness since it last appeared here. The wild Indians, Cossacks, Cowboys, Bedouins, Mexicans, Argentineans and cavalry have been greatly reinforced. Artillery has been added, and nothing more interesting and exciting than the whole performance can be imagined or described. Col. Cody's genial and popular manager, Major John M. Burke (Arizona John), is with the Great Congress of Rough Riders as usual.

DEATH OF EX-JUDGE SCALES.

Ex-Judge Frank Scales, of the Cook County court, died of Bright's disease, after a brief illness, at Bartlett, Ill., where he was visiting relatives, last Saturday. He was a man of culture—a graduate of more than one university—and a lawyer of good ability. In politics, he was affiliated with the Democratic party and was elected judge on that ticket. Although a strong partisan, he had many warm personal friends among his political opponents, and the community mourns his early death. Judge Scales was born in Wisconsin forty-nine years ago, but the better part of his life had been spent in Chicago.

Up to the period of his fatal seizure, he appeared to be in the enjoyment of good health. He leaves a widow and grown up daughter.

MR. JEREMIAH LYONS, who died in this city recently, in the very prime of manhood, was one of the best known Irish-Americans of Chicago's later generation. He was for a long time prominent in local politics, and had the respect of his fellow-citizens without reference to party. He had been ill for about a year previous to his premature death. Mr. Lyons was a brother-in-law of Mr. Thomas H. Cannon, President of the Catholic Foresters of America.

MR. M. J. MARTIN, of Nashville, Tenn., was in the city during this week in the interests of Irish Day, Tuesday, Sept. 21, at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. Mr. Martin also visited Memphis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Louisville and other cities in the same connection. He expressed himself pleased at the result of his tour, and returned to Nashville last Wednesday. There is no truer Irish Nationalist than Mr. Martin, who has been prominent in patriotic movements in Nashville for a generation.

THE Catholic Temperance Union of America held its twenty-seventh annual convention at Scranton, Pa., on Aug. 18. It was presided over by the Rev. James M. Cleary, of Minneapolis, the National President. The attendance was very large and the proceedings highly interesting. Reports of the officers gave strong indication of the rapid growth of the organization. The old officers were re-elected unanimously as follows: President, the Rev. James M. Cleary, of Minneapolis, Minn.; first vice-president, J. Washington Logue, of Philadelphia; second vice-president, James F. Brennan, of Connecticut; third vice-president, Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, of St. Louis; treasurer, the Rev. William McMahon, of Cleveland; secretary, the Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, of New York. Judge Walter J. Gibbons represented Cnicago in the convention.

WE are told by a telegram from London, dated Aug. 28, that Horace Plunkett's non-political Irish agricultural organization is working a quiet revolution by teaching the Irish farmers the benefit of co-operation. As the result of seven years of steady work this society has encouraged into life ninety-three dairying auxiliary societies, with 8,750 members; forty-six agricultural societies, with 3,865 members; three banks, with 138 members; four miscellaneous societies, with 1,537 members, and two federations, making a total of 148 separate bodies, with 14,290 actual shareholders, to say nothing of business associations.

WE are informed by cable, from British sources, that "Ireland is surely awakening from her long torpor." If so, British securities are bound to fall, for, if Ireland should awake, "like a giant refreshed with wine," she would make England hum, especially as the "difficulty" of her enemy appears to be growing in extent daily.

ALL preparations are now completed for Labor Day parade, next Monday, Sept. 6, and it is expected that the turn out of the marching societies will be the largest ever witnessed in Chicago. After the parade proper is finished, a picnic will be held at River Grove. William J. Bryan and ex-Gov. Altgeld, together with other prominent speakers, are expected to address the meeting.

A FATAL accident marred the pleasure of the members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of this city, who were holding a picnic at Laurelwood park, near Batavia, last Saturday afternoon. A storm came up at 5:20 o'clock, wrecked the dancing pavillion, killed Mrs. Kate Brown, No. 294 Townsend street, and wounded a dozen others. Frank Kline, while running a race, was overcome by heat and died before reaching the city.

THE annual picnic of the Cook County Democracy, held at Burlington park, last Saturday, was attended by an immense concourse of people, including, of course, all the local leaders of the Democratic party. It is estimated that there were, at least, 10,000 persons on the grounds at 6 o'clock, when a rainstorm burst upon the park and temporarily checked the festivities.

St. James' Academy, Lemont.

Commencing with the next school year a commercial department will be opened in the above-named institution. Among the subjects taught will be instrumental and vocal music, shorthand and typewriting, bookkeeping and the higher mathematics; also needlework, etc.

Ferris Wheel Park.

The fifteenth week at the Ferris Wheel inaugurates another of the excellent vaudeville programmes so successful at the Wheel Park and signalizes the beginning of the 10 cent school children's matinees, so popular last year, the first one being just preliminary to the opening of the fall school season. This gives the little ones an opportunity to visit the park, take innumerable free rides in the wheel, and to see the high-class vaudeville programme. The bill for the coming week will include the Morellos, the Hemming trio, Maude Beall Price, Post and Clinton, and numerous others.

WELSH AND IRISH.

Cordial Friendship Seems to Be Gaining Ground Among the Two Kindred Nations as a Result of Their National Lingual Festivities.

The Highland Scotch, on the Other Hand, Who Are Even More Nearly United to the Irish Than the Welsh Are, Hold Strangely Aloof, and Seem to Have Lost National Spirit.

DUBLIN, Aug. 16, 1897.—The readers of THE CITIZEN, and the Celtic race in general, will be more than pleased to hear of the magnificent reception accorded by the Welsh Eisteddfod to the Irish deputation representing the Irish Feisceoil. As I said in a previous letter, there was a deputation from the Eisteddfod in May last to our Feisceoil. We gave them a royal reception; but that accorded to the Irish representatives of the Feisceoil in Newport last week by the Welsh was something to be wondered at. Two gentlemen and two ladies made up the Irish deputation. They were lodged and "eaten" free at the houses of some of the foremost citizens of Newport. Sir William Harcourt and the Archdruid of the Eisteddfod met them at the railway station and conducted them to their seats amid the most enthusiastic cheers. The Irish deputation were fairly overwhelmed by the cordiality and warmth of the reception they received. The two ladies of the Irish deputation were Miss Edith Oldham and Miss Craig, both of whom are musicians of a high order. The two gentlemen were Mr. E. Fournier and Mr. J. Seymour. Mr. Fournier is a litterateur and Mr. Seymour is a musician, and organist in the largest Catholic church in Dublin, that of Westland Row. These names have not, with the exception of Miss Craig's, a very Irish appearance, but what's in a name? It would be well for some of the Os and Macs if they knew Irish as well as Mr. Fournier knows it. He is Irish by birth, and, I believe, of French descent. Here is his Irish address to Mr. Thomas, one of the highest dignitaries of the Eisteddfod, on presenting him with honorary membership in the council of the Feisceoil:

A SHAOI—Is maith liom innsin duit gur thuas an ceud dhuine do toghadh linn mar bhall onorach an Fheisceoil. Is fada go mbeidh dearmad in Erinn ar an ocaid sin 'nuair sheas tu in ar measg ag ar gceud Feisceoil mar Ard-oifigeach o Ghorsedd na mbard, agus taisbeantoir Eisteddfod Rioghamhuil Tioramnuil na Brestainne; agus ta suil againn go mbeidhmid onorulghthe le moran cuart mar siu ins an am le teacht. Mise, a Shaoi, do sheirbhiseach umhal.

E. E. FOURNIER.

Do'n t-Saol, T. H. Thomas,
Bard-theachdaire an Ghorsedd.

It may be well to explain the meaning of the Welsh word, Ghorsedd. It is the permanent council of the Eisteddfod, and means literally a throne. It is the body that regulates and manages everything appertaining to the National Eisteddfod. We have inaugurated a similar body here, and have taken an office permanently at 19 Lincoln Place, in this city. It is the headquarters of the Feisceoil, no matter where the annual festival takes place. It has been the same as decided that it will be held in Belfast next year, and probably in Cork the year after, so that it will not, at the present outlook, be in Dublin before the year 1900.

Those who attended the Eisteddfod say that it was an immense affair, and that fully 20,000 persons attended it. One very marked feature of it seems to have been the comparatively few English people who were there. When it is remembered that Newport is in Monmouthshire, and only a few miles from the English border, the few, very few, purely English people who attended becomes a matter of wonder. The fact seems to be that the English are beginning to dislike the Welsh more and more every day on account of the resistance they have shown to be Anglicized, and the marvelous tenacity with which they cling to their national language. The "entente cordiale" which these musical festivals are inaugurating between the Irish and the Welsh will not tend to endear the latter to their masters over the eastern border of Wales. It is curious how the Highland Scotch seem to resist every effort to bring about friendly relations between them and the Irish. They were cordially invited to send a deputation to our Feisceoil, but they made some flimsy excuse. They seem vastly more under English influence than the Welsh are. Balmoral and the marriage of one of their demoralized and very much denationalized chiefs to one of the royal family, have utterly bedevilled them, and wiped out any little modicum of nationality left them after their union with England. If they are ever again invited to a Feisceoil it will not be with my consent.

The Irish deputation to the Eisteddfod were profoundly impressed by the almost complete Welshness of everything there. The English language seemed absolutely a foreign tongue. When spoken at all it was through courtesy to strangers, but among Welshmen nothing was heard but Welsh. What a revelation it would have been to some of our so-called Irish Nationalists, who despise their national language, had they been at the Eisteddfod! They would, in spite of themselves, be driven to the conclusion that were Wales as big as Ireland, and were the Welsh as numerous as the Irish, Wales would be an independent nation today. One thing is certain, that if this institution of the Feisceoil can be kept up if it takes root in Ireland as did the Eisteddfod in Wales, it will do more to put the spirit of Irish nationality on a sound and lasting basis than was ever accomplished by any purely non-political organization or idea. So far there seems no indication whatever that the Feisceoil has not come to stay.

Beautiful as Ireland always looks in summer, she seems to have surpassed herself this year. The whole island may be said to be one mighty parterre—a radiant garden of flowers. The last spring was the wettest ever known in Ireland. A great deal of the oats were not sown until far in May. The wet spring made the wild flowers in the fields bloom with a luxuriance, and in numbers such as no one living ever remembers to have seen before. The pastures during June and July were one mass of wild flowers. In many of them no grass was visible at a hundred yards distance; all were a mass of blossoms of every hue. This shows what moisture can do, and how necessary it is for flowers. Let us hope that next year, when so many visitors are expected from America, that Ireland will be the same in superlative beauty that she is this year.

In spite of the wet spring, and the consequent unusual lateness of sowing and planting, there never was a promise of more abundant crops. Everything looks well this year; hay, grass, oats, potatoes and grain crops of every kind. A good deal will depend on the weather. If it continues fairly fine for another month this will be one of the best years that Ireland ever saw; but if heavy rains come immense damage will be done, for the crops are unusually heavy.

T. O. R.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Roger H. Keogh, cashier in the establishment of Mr. William O'Connell, 182 State street, left last week for a tour through Ireland. He will visit his father, mother and other relatives in county Limerick, and in Dublin his brother, Mr. P. H. Keogh, a well-known grocer and wine merchant. Mr. Keogh lived in the capital of Ireland for many years, and at one time managed one of the branch establishments of the famous house of Mooney & Co. After doing Ireland he will cross the English channel to London, where he established and managed the first Irish liquor house on the Strand in that city, until his strong Irish national principles forced him to seek his fortune on the shores of free and indepeudent America. In London he has many friends who will be glad to greet him. He sailed on the Majestic last Wednesday, and in leaving Chicago he carries with him the high esteem of his numerous friends, who admire him for his many good traits of character which have secured for him success in life. One and all extend to him their best wishes for an enjoyable sojourn in the land of his birth and a safe return to the land of his adoption.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Combairle na Barrsgeologe.

(AN LEANAMHAIN.)

Na tabhair cdl do chómhairle ar mhaithe leat;
'S na biodh, má's féidir, aon neach i bh-feirg leat.
Na tréig an bhuidhean bhios ar tí do mhaitheasa;
Na dóigh an athbhuala ar eagla go mba gádh dhuit casadh uirri.
Ná ceangail páirt leis an t-é bhios imtheartheach:
'S ná cuir puinn dod' stór 'san ngadh ná tuigfear duit.
Breathnuigh an abhain do réir na cuillighthe,
Mar is fada an chiach do bheir iarsma na droichbheirte.
An t-é nach truaigh leis do chás na déan do ghearán leis:
Na nocht do chómhrádh rúin a's ná biodh tnáth agad leis.
Má bhraitheann cách thá ag dul ar gcúl
A's go mbéidh do chúl go fann,
Ni fheicfid thú mar a mbéidhir,
A's mar a mbeidhir ni tá bhéidheas ann.
Má théidhir ar gcúl, 's gan súil le téarnamh,
Ni bh-fuighir cuireadh chum fleadha no féasta.
Tréigfidh do bhuidhean 's do ghaoil go léir thú;
Fós, tréigfidh do bhean 's do chlann féin thá.
Baillígh stór dhuit fein i d-trá má's féidir,
A's fuilig go dlúth é gan splunadh ar aon chor.
Nuair thiocfaidh an chrine agus cách ad' threigion,
Is é do chabhair é i n-am an éigin.
Ná tabhair do stór i d-taisge dod' chlann,
'S as deagh-rún mná ná biodh do mhuinighin.
Go ngabhthar do'n tuaigh i mbaic a mhuinil,
Ar an t-é thabharfadh a chuid uile do mhac no inghin
Ná tabhair cumann do mhnaoi thar tir má luaidhtear leat
Go mbéidh fios cé ar diobh a buidhean 'sa tréithe fear.
Go nochtar go cruinn a gnlomh, a seun, 's a rath.
Mar is gnathach taibhseach adharca na mbó tar lear.
Eirigh go h-anamh go tigh do charaid 's do gheabhair failte,
Eirigh go minic gan cuireadh ann 's tiocfaidh grain ort.
Ni bhfuil 'san saoghal so go léir acht mar dhuine na d-tor,
Déan déire agus daonacht ar an duine bhéidheas bocht.

(CRIOCH.)

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

In Cool Wisconsin.

Enjoy the cool breezes and restore your shattered nerves at Waukesha, Waupaca, Fifield or some other famous Wisconsin summer resort, easily reached on fast trains running via Wisconsin Central lines to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth. Our booklet, "Vacation Suggestions," tells you how and where to go. Your nearest ticket agent can give you further information.

JAS. C. POND, G. P. A.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

St. Patrick's Church, Lemont.

The Dominican Fathers will open a mission in St. Patrick's church, Lemont, on Sunday, Sept. 5. First mass at 5 a. m.; second mass at 8 o'clock. Evening services at 7:30; rosary, sermon and benediction.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September.

There is something to interest nearly every kind of reader in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September. The diversity and timeliness of its contents and the great profusion of its illustrations make this number a particularly attractive one. The leading article gives much interesting information about the historic Wallkill Valley, in New York State, and tells of the troubles with the Indians, the founding of a Huguenot village, the first meeting of the State Legislature, etc. It is written by Jonn P. Ritter, who personally visited the places described, taking many excellent photographs, which are reproduced with the article. In "Cycle Touring in Ireland" R. H. Herron writes of a trip through the most important towns of the Emerald Isle. The college article this month treats of Wellesley, and is by Virginia Sherwood. A paper of great interest and value is "The United States Marine Hospital Service," in which Joanna R. Nicholls tells of the history, work and officers of that important branch of our government. The old city of Bahia, in Brazil, is the subject of an article by Henry Greyson; Garrard Harris writes entertainingly of "Plantation Life in Dixie;" the American Cities series is continued with a graphic account of Pittsburg, by Charles Thomas Logan; there are several good short stories; an exciting installment of the serial, "The Catspaw," is given; the department of stories and verses for young people is as bright as usual; and there are some pithy paragraphs in the Leslie Portfolio.—Frank Leslie's Publishing House, New York.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

Vacation Days.

In the Lake Regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hnndreds of charming localities preeminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days" giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 522 REAPER BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the August Term A. D. 1897. Catherine Nadelhoffer vs. William B. Connor, Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, Robert Berger, successor in trust, Patrick J. Murray, Eleanor E. Walker, the unknown legal owners and the unknown legal holders of the notes secured by deed of trust from William B. Connor, Bachelor, to Edward S. Dreyer, Trustee, dated August 12, 1892, and recorded August 16, 1892, in the Recorder's office of Cook County, Illinois, as Document No. 1,717,827 in Book 3,770 of Records, on page 612. In Chancery. No. 169,450.

Notice is hereby given to the said Eleanor E. Walker that the above named Complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of August A. D. 1897, as by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. COOKE, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Compl'ts Sol'rs.

J. J. FITZGERALD, ATTORNEY, 616 REAPER BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the September Term A. D. 1897. John McMillian vs. Clara E. McMillian. In Chancery. No. 173,527.

Notice is hereby given to the said Clara E. McMillian that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of September A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. COOKE, Clerk.
J. J. Fitzgerald, Compl'ts Sol'r.

MARY A. CORKERY, President. M. E. AUSTIN, Secrtary and Manager.

CHICAGO & INDIANA COAL CO.,

MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF THE CELEBRATED

Otter Creek White Ash Block and Mecca, Indiana, Lump

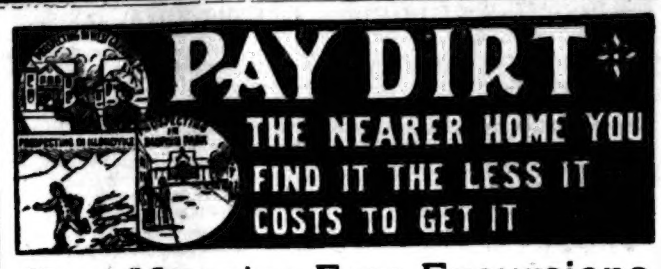
COAL.

Office and Yard: 27th & SOUTH CANAL STS.

Mines at Brazil, Ind., and Mecca, Ind.

Telephone, South 404. CHICAGO.

STEAM COAL A SPECIALTY.



Two Monster Free Excursions

Over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Ry. to
West Grossdale,
Saturday, Sept. 4, at 1:30 p. m.
Sunday, Sept. 5, at 2 p. m.
Trains leave Union Depot, Canal and Adams sts., stopping at 16th-st., Blue Island-av. and Western-av.
Transportation will be handed you at train.

Over the Illinois Central Ry. to
Dauphin Park,
Saturday, Sept. 4, at 1:45 p. m.
Sunday, Sept. 5, at 2 p. m.
Trains leave the Randolph-st. Depot, stopping at VanBuren, 22d, 31st, 39th, 43d, 47th, 55d, 57th and 65d-sts.
Transportation will be handed you at train.

High Class Improvements - - - - Lots $250 and Upward.

Small Cash Payment. Balance in Easy Monthly Installments.

S. E. GROSS, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606 and 607 Masonic Temple, Corner State and Randolph-sts., Chicago.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

WILLIAM A. CUNNEA,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR,
59 DEARBORN-ST., SUITE 311,
(Real Estate Board Building).
CHICAGO.

JOHN MOFFITT,
Attorney and Counseler and Solicitor in Chancery.
Practices in all State and Federal Courts.
OFFICE: 59 DEARBORN ST.

JOHN P. McGOORTY
Counselor-at-Law,
616, 618 and 620 REAPER BLOCK,
N. E. Cor. Washington and Clark sts.
Telephone Main 4224. CHICAGO.

JAMES MAHER,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 16. CHICAGO.
TELEPHONE MAIN 2681.

P. B. FLANAGAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SUITE 1315-17 ASHLAND BLOCK,
COR. CLARK & RANDOLPH STS.
Telephone Main 2768. CHICAGO.

Geo. E. Gorman,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
79 DEARBORN ST. SUITE 541-3.
Telephone Main 860.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

WALTER J. GIBBONS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
27 North Clark Street, Room 14.
Residence 225 Osgood Street.
TELEPHONE NORTH 53.

JOHN A. MAHONEY,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
and Attorney and Counselor at Law,
SUITE 616, 618 & 620 REAPER BLOCK
N. E. Cor. Washington & Clark Sts.
TELEPHONE MAIN 4224. CHICAGO.

IRISH
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

HEADQUARTERS
at Rooms 10, 12 and 14
Quinlan Building,
81 S. CLARK ST.

All Employers Who Desire the Services of Deserving Irish-American Men and Women will be supplied with Competent Help on application to the Manager, Daniel O'Connor, at the above address.

MISS-MISS SPARED.

HE CAPTURED THE GRIZZLY JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

How the Hudson Bay Tribes Dispose of the Old and Indigent Members—This Old Warrior Sought Another Death and Got a New Lease In Life.

"There is but one beast that the Indians are really afraid of," said Egerton Young, the Baptist minister who recently returned from a long sojourn among the Hudson bay tribes, where he was the pioneer missionary. "That is the grizzly bear, the tiger of North America. Only once have I heard of a grizzly being captured alive, and in that case the feat saved the life of a famous old warrior.

"Among many of the Hudson bay tribes it is the custom for the ablebodied to put to death the old men and women who are no longer able to do their share of the work. The old women are simply knocked on the head without ceremony. The process of getting rid of an old man is more elaborate. The Indians do not think it well to stain their hands with the blood of one who was once a warrior. So they delegate the task to their hereditary enemies, the wolves, to which they render all assistance in their power.

"When it has been decided at a solemn powwow that any particular old man is to die, instructions are given to a number of young men to take measures to get rid of him immediately. Among the executioners are always the sons of the condemned man. The day after sentence has been passed these executioners call on the veteran, attack him with stones and spears and drive him into the wilderness. There they leave him to his fate. A few days later they return and collect a few well gnawed bones, which they bring back with fitting ceremonies.

"Among all the warriors belonging to a tribe with which I made a long sojourn, none had a more glorious record than Miss-Miss. But Miss-Miss was getting old. His eyes were dim, his hands were slow, and rarely did he bring home a fat buck. Furthermore, food was scarce, and Miss-Miss retained an excellent appetite. One morning Miss-Miss got orders to be prepared to receive the next day a delegation of young braves led by his two stalwart sons.

"But Miss-Miss, though he had assisted in many such ceremonials in his day, had not yet come to consider himself old and useless. He was very angry. Just as Miss-Miss had done reviling the ingratitude of the young a boy rushed in to say that a huge grizzly was feeding a short distance from the camp. Here was the veteran's chance. All the braves were away at the hunt. Children and squaws and Miss-Miss were the sole occupants of the camp. He knew that to face a grizzly single handed was certain death, but it was the death of a man. So Miss-Miss armed himself with his spear and tomahawk and went forth to seek the bear.

"He had not far to go. Within a few hundred yards of the camp he espied the largest and leanest bear he had seen for years, making a scanty meal off dried roots. Crawling up as close as he could, he hurled his spear. The weapon struck the bear in the flank. As he had calculated, the wound had no further effect than to infuriate the brute and turn its attention upon him. Miss-Miss took his stand with his back to a tree, grasped his little tomahawk firmly and awaited death.

"Now, had it been an ordinary little black bear the peril of Miss-Miss would have been small. A black bear would have risen on its hind legs when it came to close quarters, and leaving its chest quite unprotected, tried to insert its paws between the man and the tree in order to hug him to death. All Miss-Miss would have had to do would have been to wait until it came within arm's length and plunge his hunting knife into its chest. One thrust would have been sufficient. But a grizzly is different. It strikes with its mighty claws. Miss-Miss awaited the onset. When the bear came to close quarters, it rose on its hind legs and made a mighty, sweeping blow at his body. Setting his teeth, Miss-Miss struck at its head with his tomahawk. The weapon was dashed from his grasp and he was hurled to the ground, but, much to his surprise, uninjured. Instead of the sharp claws in his side he had felt a mighty buffet as if from a huge boxing glove. Miss-Miss scrambled to his feet. The next glance explained matters. Like himself, the bear was a veteran. It had lost its claws long since. Miss-Miss dodged round and round his tree and from one tree to another. The bear, whose sight was dim with age, aimed blow after blow, with no other effect than that of bruising its paws against the trunks. The fight went on, and Miss-Miss' strength was giving way, when through an opening in the forest he espied the blaze of the campfires close at hand. The bear saw it, too, and with a grunt of disgust and disappointment turned round and trotted back into the depths of the forest to resume its meal.

"Miss-Miss hastened back to the camp and called the oldest of the boys together. 'Take your lassoes,' he cried, 'and we will capture a grizzly alive.' So out they went. When the party arrived within range, Miss-Miss whistled. The bear raised its head and the boys cast their lassoes. One noose fell over the brute's neck.

"When the braves returned in the evening, prepared to chase Miss-Miss into the wilderness, they found a huge, roaring grizzly tethered in the middle of the camp. No one of the tribe ever had done such a deed. They concluded the Great Spirit had willed that Miss-Miss should live, and Miss-Miss is alive today and in high honor with the tribe."—New York Sun.

Counting all classes of reserves, Germany can in 24 hours raise an army of 4,000,000 disciplined men.

SOME ROYAL DOGS.

Nearly All the Sovereigns of Europe Are Fond of Canine Pets.

Nearly every one of the sovereigns of Europe, it appears, has one or more pet dogs. The collies of Queen Victoria, the fox terriers of Princess Beatrice, with Jock as prime favorite, are known at least by hearsay to everybody.

The emperor of Russia is also a great lover of dogs. A London paper reports that he is always accompanied in his walks by a couple of fine Danish hounds, whose strength and vigilance their master considers his best safeguard. The grave czar is often seen playing with these monster pets. He himself has taught them their tricks, and they are nearly always about him.

The king of Greece shares the czar's taste for the Danish hounds, which are as intelligent as they are strong, and which, with hardly a bark to announce their intentions, will fly at the throat of any one whom their master may point out to them in case of need. When the empress of Austria goes on her long walks or rides, several pet dogs always accompany her. But perhaps the most widely known of all the "royal dogs" of the present day is Black, the pet dog of the Russian Grand Duke Alexis.

Black is a sportsman's dog, of no very aristocratic breed. Indeed, if the truth must be told, he is a member of the race of mongrels which the fishermen in the south of France take out to sea, employing them to recapture any wily fish that may fall through the meshes of their nets or slip suddenly back into its element after it has been once landed on board the barge. Black is still rejoicing in the days of his youth, but his record, not only as a common fisherman but as a "fisher of men," is already great, for he has saved no fewer than six persons from a watery grave.

Some three or four years ago the Grand Duke Alexis was staying at Biarritz. One stormy night he went out on the cliff to get a view of the angry sea. A boat was just being wrecked below, and he saw a dog dashing with angry growls and barks into the water and bringing to land, one by one, three drowning men, while the crowd cheered the brave mongrel to the echo. The grand duke approached to caress the dog, and the animal's master then offered Black to him, refusing to accept any payment.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

CURIOUS INSECT.

A Butterfly That Enjoys Only Five Hours of Life.

It is in August that the naturalists observe the marvelous insect which is born, reproduces and dies in the period of a single night, on the banks of the Marne, of the Seine, and of the Rhine. It is the ephemere of which Sirammerdam has written and which is spoken of in Aristotle.

The life of this insect does not last beyond four or five hours. It dies toward 11 o'clock in the evening, after taking the form of a butterfly about six hours after midday. It is true, however, that fore taking this form it has lived three years in that of a worm, which keeps always near the border of water in the holes which it makes in the mud.

The change of this worm in the water to an ephemere which flies is so sudden that one has not the time to see it. If one takes the worm in the water, the hand cannot be taken away before the change is made unless by pressing the worm slightly in the region of the chest. By this means it can be taken from the water before the change takes place.

The ephemere, after leaving the water, seeks a place where it can divest itself of a fine membrane or veil, which entirely covers it. This second change takes place in the air.

The ephemere assists itself with the point of its little nails as firmly as it can. It makes a movement similar to that of a shiver, then the skin on the middle of the back breaks apart, the wings slip out of their sheath, as we sometimes take off our gloves by turning them inside out. After this stripping the ephemere begins to fly. Sometimes it holds itself straight up on the surface of the water on the end of its tail, flapping its wings one against the other. It takes no nourishment in the five or six hours which are the limit of its life. It seems to have been formed but to multiply, for it does not leave its state of a worm until it is ready to deposit its eggs, and it dies as soon as they are deposited.

In three days' time one sees appear and die all species of ephemeres. They last sometimes until the fifth day, for the reason that some malady has affected some of them and prevents them from changing at the same time as the others.—Exchange.

Gold and Silver Gospels.

"The Gold and Silver Gospels" is the name of a very peculiar book now preserved in the Upsala library in Sweden. It is printed with metal type, on violet colored vellum, the letters being silver and the initials gold. When it was printed, by whom or what were the methods employed, are questions which have great interest for the curious, but have never been answered.

Maid and Widow.

By the old Saxon law a maiden and a widow were of different value. The latter could be bought for one-half the sum which the guardian of the maid was entitled to demand. A man, therefore, who could not afford to buy a maiden might, perhaps, be able to purchase a widow.

The herd of European bisons protected by the czars of Russia in the forest of Bjelowski, Lithuania, numbered 1,900 in 1856, but is now reduced to 500 and shows no sign of increase. The dwindling of the herd is ascribed to inbreeding, due to the confined area of the reservation.

HE PLAYED BARBER.

SHAVED A DEAD MOONSHINER, AND THERE WAS NO "NEXT."

The Job Tendered, With Some Emphasis, by Friends of the Deceased—The Traveling Man Accepted, but Now Sells Over Another Route.

"It was in Tennessee," said the traveling man, "it happened, on one of those back country roads which I was traveling on my way to a town where I had a fine list of customers. The night was closing in, and I was wondering how long it would take me to reach a place where I could spend the night. I knew that I was among the moonshiners, for the jug on a stump with the money under it was in evidence along the road. I had no thought of being molested in that country, where the only warfare is against the revenue officers, and no one would have suspected me of complicity with the government.

"A slight noise startled my horse, and I leaned out of the buggy to look into the chamber of a revolver. At the same time I saw two figures, one on each side of me, and, checking my horse, I tried to assume a bravado I was far from feeling as I asked:

"'Well, gentlemen, what is your will with me?'

"You can imagine my surprise when a boyish voice asked:

"'Kin you shave yourself?'

"I answered that I always shaved myself. Without lowering his revolver he looked across me to his pal on the other side.

"'He uns will do, Jim. Hop in an I'll lead the horse.'

"Having made up my mind not to be dragged off in any such ignominious manner, I said:

"'If you are going to shoot me, I suppose I must give up my life, as I am unarmed. If it is money you want, I'—

"'Tell him, Jim,' said the one who was leading my horse.

"'Yer won't be killed nor robbed nor nothin, if yer don't try ter give us the slip. Shet your mouth now, mister, an you'll know more right soon.'

"We must have gone a mile before we came to a turn in the road that brought us out in front of a cabin much larger than any I had seen that day in my travel. A woman stood at the door crying.

"'Hev yer foun somebody, boys?' she asked anxiously.

"'Yep, morm, an he'll do the job up slick 'thout askin much pay.'

"I wondered if I was to be compelled to murder some one. The boys were beardless mountain loafers—I had met their type often, but I never knew them to be desperadoes.

"I was shown into the cabin by the woman, one of the boys following with the revolver, while the other waited to fasten the horse to a scrub oak. I saw a figure stretched on a settle, and the idea flashed into my mind that I was mistaken for a doctor.

"'I am not a medical man,' I began to explain, when the woman cut me short.

"'You uns 'ud a been tew late ef you uns was a doctor. He passed outen afore daylight, an it's 'nother kind of job we wanter hev done. Yer see, we uns is a goin tew hev the biggest fun'rel evah was in these yeah pahts, an we wanter hev the ole man shaved foh the fust time, an there ain't a man nowhere aroun as shaves hisself or ennybody else.'

"The revulsion of feeling which came over me was not altogether pleasurable, for I did not fancy the idea of playing barber to a dead man, but when I looked at the cadaverous countenance and tangled gray beard of the deceased I felt a sort of professional pride in making him look more like a mortal being and less like a wolf. I had always been an abstainer from strong drink, but I filled up on crude spirits that would have killed me on an ordinary occasion and tackled my silent customer with a feverish and hysterical alacrity. This was in part due to the close proximity of the two boys and their revolvers. But as soon as I had the old mountaineer shaved the revolvers were laid aside and I was treated with the utmost hospitality. The work itself had not been half as gruesome as I had imagined, and I had to fight a ludicrous temptation to pour barber talk into the deaf ears. He was such an improvement over himself when alive—as I judged by the family lingo—that I wanted to ask him to look in a mirror. I declined the fee tendered me by the boy Jim, and, supplied with a jug of moonshine whisky, I was set in the right road and permitted to leave.

"I found it true that in all that community not a man had ever been shaved, and it was only in deference to a whim of the old mountaineer, expressed on his deathbed, that he was made such a curious exception. I did not mention my part in the transaction until I was far beyond that county line, for I was not sure that, a precedent being set, they might not again demand my services, and another salesman has that route."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Old Leprosy Laws.

In the earliest code of British laws now extant—namely, that of Hoel Dha, a famous king of Cambria (the present Wales), who died about the year 950 A. D.—we find a canon enacting in plain and unmistakable terms that any married woman whose husband was afflicted with leprosy was entitled not only to separation, but also to the restitution of her goods.

The largest electric sign in New England, that on the Washington street facade of the New Grand theater, Boston, is composed of 1,000 incandescent lamps of 32 candle power each, and the letters which they make are four feet high. It took four men a month to make the sign, and it cost the company that erected it about $5,000.

BARNATO IN THE COMMUNE.

How the Diamond King Saved the Bank of France.

A writer of stories about Barney Barnato says, in the Philadelphia Bulletin, that there is a circumstantially definite account of his presence in Paris during the commune of 1871. In the utter break up of all social fabric he found his capacities of a paying order. For there is little doubt that his was the craft that enabled the shrewder communards to realize the money needed to supply the sinews of war.

One day, during the gloom and stress of the government siege, the president of the Bank of France was confronted by an unkempt mob. The demand was explicit. They wanted all the gold in the bank's vaults. The spokesman flourished a bloody saber and the mob accentuated the demand by all sorts of ferocious threats. It was in the height of this melee that a man who had been counseling the financial deputy of the commune rode up, adorned by a red sash and other insignia of the terrorists. He made his way through the vociferous throng and handed the governor of the bank a large envelope. While the official was reading it the besashed emissary turned to the clamoring nomads and, in a tongue unknown to the officials and probably to many of the mob, addressed them a few sentences. A singular event followed. A dozen of the ringleaders at once began haranguing the rioters. In a few minutes every one of them withdrew. The besashed personage remained in consultation with the governor and when it was ended withdrew. An hour later six covered wagons came to the bank and were laden with bags such as the bank always makes use of in transporting specie.

When Barnato appeared as the diamond king in South Africa, a score of the communards, who had fled from France, were in exile in the region where Barnato had cornered the mines. One day in the plenitude of his affluence he was waylaid, riding in the Rand, by a company of miners. One of them, by a few words, succeeded in gaining his private ear. This man was known as the most ferocious of the bloodthirsty gang who had taken part in the killing of the hostages in La Roquette. He recognized Barnato as the emissary sent by the commune to the Bank of France, and the knowledge enabled him to get in on the ground floor of the diamond deal. The tale goes on to tell that Barnato, who figured as Felix Barnetto, had fallen desperately in love with a figurante in the Folies Bergeres just as the war of 1870 broke out; that he had lingered in Paris, became a member of one of the "Red" societies, exploited the ardent patriotism of his coworkers and succeeded in getting several millions of the cash he had forced from the Bank of France. The tale, whether true or not, is by no means so improbable as the actual facts known in the man's mastery of the African diamond yields, for to do that he was forced to put himself against such schemers as Cecil Rhodes and to contend with the "dour" shiftiness of the Boers, and particularly with that astute old fox Uncle Kruger.

ARMY LIFE.

Its Social Informality Constitutes One of Its Great Charms.

"Army life is informal to a degree," said Mrs. Custer, during a recent interview. "The custom of using cards when calling is only of very recent date among officers' wives. When I lived in garrison, we should never have dreamed of such a thing. It is only at a few of the larger posts, near the cities, where there is anything like the formality of civic life. The people in a garrison are like one great family. Nothing that deeply concerns any member is a matter of indifference to the others, and the spirit of good fellowship is universal. In time of sickness the friendly helpfulness of the women for each other is shown strongly. Many a time I have known a number of women to detail themselves, in regular military fashion, to duty in the house of sickness at certain hours, relieving one another through the day and night with absolute precision, so that the sick person should never be left without an attendant.

"With all this close intimacy there is surprisingly little friction or ill feeling. There are, of course, at every post a few people who are disagreeable or hard to get along with, but they cause no more trouble in general than they do in their own households. They belong, we feel, to our army family, and their shortcomings must be overlooked just as we should overlook the faults of a husband or brother or sister. No distinctions between rich and poor are ever observed. There is occasionally a question about calling upon new arrivals, but it is solely on account of reputation and honor. If there has been anything discreditable to the good name of an officer or his wife, the circumstances must be investigated before other families of the post will call."—Philadelphia Times.

Where Princes Are Sacred.

When a young prince of Japan wishes to learn the mysteries of chirography, young maidens bring paper, others make the ink and prepare the paint brush. The master expresses admiration by gesture and face, for no words must be spoken by him to the prince, his mouth even being bandaged that his breath may not blow upon the face of the prince. The teacher must move about in the quietest manner and give commendation only.

How Dead Soldiers Look.

A British army surgeon is authority for the statement that the cause of death is clearly shown in the expression of the face of a corpse on the field of battle. He states that those who have been killed by sword thrusts have a look of repose, while those killed by bullets usually have pain of an intense nature clearly depicted.

A SONG.

Bring me the juice of the honey fruit,
The large, translucent, amber hued,
Rare grapes of southern isles, to suit
The luxury that fills my mood.

And bring me only such as grew
Where fairest maidens tend the bowers,
And only fed by rain and dew
Which first had bathed a bank of flowers.

They must have hung on spicy trees
In airs of far enchanted vales,
And all night heard the ecstasies
Of noble throated nightingales.

So that the virtues which belong
To flowers may therein tasted be,
And that which hath been thrilled with song
May give a thrill of song to me.

For I would wake that string for thee
Which hath too long in silence hung,
And sweeter than all else should be
The song which in thy praise is sung.
—Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE SQUIRRELS IN THE OAK.

How They Kept House and Got Their Provisions.

My favorite boarders in the oak were the gray squirrels. The boys knew their hole from the woodpeckers' at a glance, for it was in the living trunk of the tree, and the red brown margin always showed where their powerful teeth had been cutting away the bark that threatened to grow in and close them up. I have oftened wondered how the woodpeckers knew that it would imprison them, and that they must put up with the dead limb.

As for the grays, they were not afraid to live in the heart of the oak, and what stores of nuts, harvested in the hickories on the hill, they did manage to "tote" up there. There must have been a peck at least when I ruthlessly chopped into the hollow with a sharp hatchet and captured a fine brood of young ones that were soon tamed into graceful and affectionate pets.

The old father and mother we did not want, even if we could have caught them, because they are fierce and untamable in captivity.

The abduction of their pretty children did not seem to weigh much on their minds. They gave no sign of the poignant grief, not to be comforted, that I have seen, for instance, in bluebirds whose nest had been despoiled, but refitted their den as snugly as before and raised another family.

When my squirrels went harvesting, one of them first held his head in the mouth of the hole for half a minute to see if the coast was clear. Presently out he whisked and stopped again to make sure, while his mate followed. Then Mr. Squirrel gave a rasping, long drawn bark of defiance, which must have filled his lady's heart with admiration for h' boldness and with apprehension lest some unwary creature should come within reach of her lord's anger.

Then—if you didn't betray yourself and send both scampering in wildest fright back to the hole—after playing hide and seek for a few moments they ran in single file out to the topmost twigs of a great bough, gained a branch of the neighboring bare walnut and, crossing to its farther side, made a desperate flying leap into the top of a young hickory. Running half way down this, they used a succession of dogwoods and oak saplings until they had reached the grove of tall, straight hickories on the hill, an eighth of a mile from their hole in the oak. Come on them suddenly now if you would care to see fast time made over this queer course and some record breaking leaps that fairly take away one's breath.—Scribner's Magazine.

Autograph Fiends.

The author of "Chats With Celebrities," Mr. Guild, says of the demand upon Longfellow for his autograph:

I remember one very pleasant party at the poet's dinner table, at which Mr. Monti, Professor E. N. Horsford and myself were present, when Mr. Longfellow related a number of amusing anecdotes respecting applications that were made to him for autographs. He was very kind to autograph seekers and used to keep in a little box upon his writing table a number of slips upon which were written, "Yours very truly, Henry W. Longfellow." One of these would be sent to the applicant by a member of his family to whom he passed over their requests.

But the autograph seekers were not always satisfied with a mere signature, and he often sent a verse from one of his poems signed with his name. The most remarkable request, however, came from a lady in Boston, who, the poet said, sent him by express a package of 150 blank visiting cards, with a letter requesting that he would inscribe his name on each of them the next day, as she was to have a grand reception at which a number of literary people would be present, and she wished to present each one of her guests with the poet's autograph.

This was too much for even Longfellow's good nature and would seem to be hardly credible had I not heard it from the poet's own lips.

Finally Digested.

It is said that an American went into a London bookseller's and asked for Hare's "Walks In London." In the United States it is printed in one volume, in England in two.

"Oh," said the Yankee as he looked at them, "you part your Hare in the middle, do you?"

"I, sir?" said the clerk, with a bewildered look. "Oh, no, sir!"

"I saw he didn't see the joke," said the Yankee, "so I didn't explain, but bought the books and went away. A week later I entered the same shop. As soon as the clerk saw me he approached me, exclaiming: 'Good, capital! Part your hair in the middle? That's capital, sir—capital!'"—Anecdotes.

The elephant is the chief beast of burden in Siam and Afghanistan. An "elephant load" is estimated at two tons.

The oldest building in Chicago is the Green Tree tavern, in Milwaukee avenue, and it is only 63 years old.

THE NEWSBOY'S DREAM.

It Was His Idea of What Would Be Absolutely Ideal Conditions.

The American newsboy can almost be said to have created a genus for himself. If he has any, he has certainly created it, for of all the inhabitants of this planet there is none who is so absolutely independent, so thoroughly confident of his own exertions. He has a self importance, derived from his ability to support or partially support himself, which places him high above the rank of the ordinary gamin, and he generally possesses what is far more important in any community—ready money. He is the capitalist of our junior civilization, the Count Esterhazy of newsboys' alley. He can play craps for money when other boys are constrained to pursue this delectable amusement with only the milder if more intellectual pleasure of studying the fluctuations of fortune, or, at most, hazarding cigarette pictures.

He may swear a little more than is necessary, but in general is not half bad. His train of thought is usually healthy and vigorous and has a robustness born of the outer air in which he spends so much of his time. Physically he is agile and almost tireless. While apparently reckless in most things, he is, on the whole, careful of his health—he is scarcely ever known to smoke a whole cigarette at a time. His intellect is as keen as a razor. He keeps it continually honed on the strop of experience. Everything carries for him a lesson. From the sale of the largest Sunday paper to that of the most unpretentious weekly there is nothing he does not profit by.

He is a born statist, a self educated strategist. He has the nice art of going far enough and yet never overstepping himself. On the eve of such an occasion he will vociferate, "All about the election," but don't ever expect of whom until you buy the paper. Pleasure and other things occupy a fair proportion of his time, but with him the distribution of news is always uppermost. It even permeates his sleeping hours. One of them was heard to remark between sales to another a day or so ago, "Say, Jim, I had de finest dream I ever had las' night."

"Was it about angels?" inquired Jim.

"Naw," was the contemptuous response. "I dreampt dat der was a awful smashup, six fires, four double murders an tree suicides, all in one day."—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE FAMOUS GIN LAW.

How It Was Received and Evaded by the English Public.

This famous "gin law," passed in 1736, is interesting as the earliest severe blow at liquor dealing among civilized nations. It levied a tax of 20s. a gallon on spirits, and a license of £50 for any one selling or dealing in them. And, being in advance of public opinion, it failed, much as other more stringent prohibition laws have failed in our own day. For the cry was at once raised that it taxed the poor man's gin and let the rich man's wine go free. Every wit, every caricaturist, had his fling at it. Ballads were hawked around telling of the approaching death of Mother Gin. The liquor shops were hung with black and celebrated uproariously Mme. Geneva's lying in state, her funeral, her wake and so on. The night before the law went into effect, so the contemporary journals say, there was a universal revel all over the country. Every one drank his fill and carried home as much gin besides as he could pay for.

To evade the law apothecaries sold it in vials and small packages, sometimes colored and disguised, generally under false labels, such as "Colic Water," "Make Shift," "Ladies' Delight." There were printed directions on some of these packages—e. g., "Take two or three spoonfuls three or four times a day, or as often as the fit takes you." Informers were very prominent and exceedingly offensive, inventing snares to catch lawbreakers for the sake of the heavy rewards, and spying and sneaking around in a way particularly distasteful to the English mind. In consequence they suffered in their turn. The mere cry, "Liquor spy!" was enough to raise a mob in the London streets, and the informer was lucky if he escaped with a sound thrashing and a ducking in the Thames or the nearest horse pond. Indeed, such an outcry was made about the matter that the ministry became very unpopular, and the law was not enforced after two or three years, and was largely modified in 1743, after seven years' trial.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Curious and Rare Book.

The most curious as well as one of the rarest books known to collectors is the edition of the Vulgate issued by Pope Sixtus V, some time between 1585 and 1590. The book, as Disraeli describes it, "fairly swarmed with errata." So numerous were they that a number of printed paper slips containing the proper words were pasted over the blunders, and this device proving ineffectual on account of the immense number of mistakes, as many of the copies as could be found were called in and destroyed. Only a few remain, and the book with its paper patches commands an extremely high price.

Chalk.

All chalk is composed of fossils. If you take the tiniest bit and place it under a powerful microscope, you will see an infinite number of extremely diminutive shells, and no spectacle on a large scale is more beautiful than the varied forms of these tiny homes of animal life, which are disclosed by powerful glasses.

A Help.

Scientific Mamma—Do not dance all the evening, dear. Remember that the dances of an average ball cover a total distance of nine miles.

Practical Daughter—Oh, but a girl is carried most of the way, mamma!—Larks.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my dear, that you were I,
And by your side your sweetheart sate,
Suppose you noticed by and by
The distance 'twixt you was too great.
Now tell me, dear, what would you do?
I know, and so do you!

And then, so comfortably placed,
Suppose you only grew aware
That that dear, dainty little waist
Of hers looked very lonely there!
Pray tell me, sooth, what would you do?
I know, and so do you!

Then, having done what I just did,
With not a frown to check or chill,
Suppose her red lips seemed to bid
Defiance to your lordly will?
Oh, tell me, sweet, what would you do?
I know, and so do you!

—Pearson's Weekly.

A TOOTHBRUSH FOR KOKO.

Costly Toilet Articles Purchased by Rich Girls For Their Pet Dogs.

A score or more of dainty toilet articles, gold mounted and jeweled, were scattered over the glass counter, and the obliging clerk in the fashionable shop was vainly endeavoring to satisfy the whims of a daughter of wealth, who had every appearance of having been spoiled by overindulgence. She had a costly toothbrush in her hand and was poking the other articles with it in a dissatisfied way. "This is not small enough," she said, "and the hair is not fine enough."

"It is our very best grade of goods," suggested the clerk half apologetically.

"Then you ought to get something better. Yes, really, you ought," exclaimed the willful customer. "I can't take such a clumsy toothbrush as that home to my Koko."

"Ah!" murmured the clerk, with a scarcely perceptible air of impatience. "Then you want a toothbrush for your dog."

"Yes, of course I do, and I want something very soft and very dainty," replied the young woman. And, after a pause, she added, with an affectionate purr, "There isn't anything too nice for my Koko."

"Certainly not," responded the clerk, with a cordial smile. "Here are some brushes of rare quality. I had overlooked them. Here is one with hair as soft as silk and a handle of solid gold." The girl fondled the expensive trinket for a moment, and, without asking the price, said, "That will do. Have it sent with the other things, please." When this spoiled maiden's father gets a bill from the fashionable jeweler, he will doubtless be moved to emotion by the entry, "One toothbrush for dog, $22.50."

It is no uncommon thing for shopkeepers in New York to be called upon to supply toilet articles for dogs, monkeys, birds and other domestic pets. Some stores maintain special lines of combs and brushes for pet dogs, and as a special concession to the enthusiasm of the fair owners of these pets the prices of dog combs and brushes are kept aristocratically high.—New York Times.

The Blackguards of Malaga.

Besides my man Mohammed there were several other Arab passengers aboard, and the appearance of these, as they leaned over the bulwarks of the steamer, was the signal for a shout of derisive laughter, curses and stone throwing on the part of the crowd of ill fed and ill conditioned boys who thronged the quay. For downright blackguardism nothing can beat the type of the youth of Malaga, whose expression, like their morals, is of as debased a type as could well be imagined. Howls of filthy language greeted the appearance of the Moors, who, had they disembarked, would have run a great risk of being torn to pieces, so great is the antipathy of the Spaniards to their former conquerors. The captain of the steamer appealed to the police, but the two representatives of this noble body were busily employed in stealing figs from the cargo and paid little or no attention to the fact that an infuriated crowd of the worst characters of Malaga—that is to say, the worst in the world—were pelting the steamer with stones and mud. Affairs, however, reached a climax when one of the Moors, who spoke Spanish, asked after the health of General Margallo, the general who had been killed before Melilla, and then the captain was obliged to order them below, though the ill conditioned crowd booted and jeered until at sunset the steamer left.—Harris' "From Batum to Bagdad."

Millions of Frogs Rain Down.

One of the most curious phenomena of nature is the precipitation of frogs, fish, crabs, angleworms, etc., with rain from the clouds. The story is told in the annals of the French academy and may be found in the August number, 1804. The narrative is by one Professor Pontus. In it he gives an account of an instance of millions of frogs which fell in a shower near Toulouse. He states that he himself saw numerous young frogs on the coats of two gentlemen who were out in the shower. Professor Pontus says that he "forthwith repaired to the spot where the storm had burst and found the roads and fields literally alive with young frogs and tadpoles." "In some places," says the professor, "they were three or four deep all over the ground, and the hoofs of the horses and the carriage wheels killed thousands of them."

Economy and Morals.

Wife—John, don't you think you better give up trying to shave yourself and go back to the barber?

Husband—Why, of course not. See how much I save every month.

Wife—Yes, I know that, but then Willie is always around when you shave, and he is learning so many bad words.—Ohio State Journal.

The greatest of all luxuries in central Africa is salt. To say that a man eats salt with his victuals is the same as saying that he is a rich man. Mungo Park says, "The long continued use of vegetable food creates so painful a longing for salt that no words can sufficiently describe it."

Fortune Bro.'s Brewing Co.

BREWERS OF

Lager Beer.

Van Buren, Desplaines and Pearce Sts.

OFFICE: 225 DESPLAINES STREET.

CHICAGO.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY

2349 South Park Avenue.

PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTLEIEB, Vice-President.
H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Telephone South 257.

UNITED STATES BREWING CO.,

RUDOLPH BRAND, Pres. & Treas. GEORGE W. KELLNER, Vice-Pres.
AUSTIN J. DOYLE, General Manager.

Brewers of

FINE LAGER BEER.

Telephones:

Main Office, Harrison 706. Brand Branch, West 285. Bartholomæ & Leicht Branch, North 216. Bartholomæ & Roesing Branch, Main 4079. Ernst Bros. Branch, North 405. K. G. Schmidt Branch, North 409. Val Blatz Chicago Branch, Main 4357.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ

Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts. Chicago

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED BAVARIAN and SALVATOR BEER. PILSENER BEER

Society Directory

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av., Chicago, Ill.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COOK COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.
County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, 120 Randolph st., Room 306.
Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 3721 Vincennes av.
Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2836 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Giblen.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 2551 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 5.

President, H. K. Jordan, 208 Centre av.
Vice-President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First and Third Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton av.
Vice-President, John Doody.
Recording Sec'y, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.
Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 722 Dexter av.
Treasurer, M. F. Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Meehan's hall, 4341 S. Halsted st., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 445 S. Paulina st.
Vice-President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 180 LaSalle av.
Vice-President, Owen Devaney.
Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, Thomas A. Foley, 9236 Commercial av.
Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Escanaba av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State st.
Vice-President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, James F. Murray, 390 W. Erie st.
Vice-President, John F. Walsh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Bowe's hall, Erie and Noble sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 12.

President, Rev. D. J. Crimmins, Fifty-fifth st. and Wentworth av.
Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3324 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays at S.W. corner Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworthav., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thurdays in K. of P. [illegible], 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Talport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 235 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 3241 Morgan st.
Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 3748 Sherman st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunnea, 593 Twenty-seventh st.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielaussen's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, James A. Flanagan, 3819 Aldine place.
Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3819 Aldine place.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1455 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Cox's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President James, Thomas, 4527 Dryer st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3753 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Ed O'Connor, 1256 N. Robey st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonaard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

President, T. H. Finnegan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 922 W Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Heallon, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5411 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1467 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10908 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 5626 Drexel av.
Pice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, Miles McPadden, 296 S. Sangamon st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 593 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3532 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6[illegible] Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 3[illegible] Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 22.

President, Miss Sabina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
Sentinel, Miss Mamie Keileher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
Meets the Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p.m.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis st.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, James Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

81 SOUTH CLARK ST., ROOMS 10, 12, 14.

President, John T. Keating.
Vice-President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
Trustees, D. O'Connor, J. J. Gibbons, James C. Strain.
Directors, John F. Finerty, Wm. H. Joyce, John T. Keating, James Hogan, Thos. Cusack, John McCaffrey, Mich'l Lynch, M. J. Meehan, Patrick Noonan, D. J. Deasey.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER.

If you are not already a subscriber, fill out the subjoined order blank and send it to this office with your check, registered cash or money order. If you are a subscriber, cut it out and send it to a friend who may desire to subscribe for the Irish National organ of the Great West, namely THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

ORDER BLANK.

PLEASE SEND ME THE CHICAGO CITIZEN FOR ONE YEAR.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE .....

THE WOODPECKER.

Four Characteristics of the Little Drummer of the Woods.

There is an article by Frank M. Chapman in St. Nicholas on "The Little Drummer of the Woods," giving much curious information concerning the woodpecker. Mr. Chapman says:

If we had a woodpecker in our hands, we should see in the beginning that its bill is not slightly hooked, with the upper mandible turned down at its end and overlapping the under mandible, as in the crow and other birds that "pick up a living," but that both mandibles are of equal length and cut squarely off at the tip. It is, therefore, like a wedge or chisel.

Perhaps the tip of the bird's tongue will be seen appearing through its nearly closed mandibles, and our attention is at once attracted by its peculiar shape. We discover that it is remarkably long, and when fully extended reaches almost if not quite an inch beyond the point of the bill. It is not flat, like the crow's, but round and fleshy, and has a sharp, horny point, which, by looking at it very closely, we see has a series of barbs on both sides.

In the meantime our hands have doubtless been pricked by the bird's tail feathers, each feather being stiff, bristly and pointed at the end. Some of the larger woodpeckers—the pileated and ivorybill, for instance—have this singular kind of tail feather highly developed. The main stem or shaft of the feather is much larger than usual, and each barb growing from this shaft is curved downward and inward and is strong and pointed. Comparing this feather with the flat tail feather of a crow, we see at once how different it is in form.

The wings do not impress us as in any way unusual. They are neither very long nor very short, but the arrangement of the toes is so peculiar that they were at once commented upon by a blind girl, to whom I had handed a specimen of one of these birds. Instead of the disposition common to most birds, three toes directed forward and one backward, we discover two front toes and two hind ones, and we will note also that each toe is armed with a strong curved nail.